CHAPTERS AT THE ENGLISH LAKES

Greenwich Public Libraries.

CENTRAL LIBRARY.

942.861

LENDING DEPARTMENT.

Press Mark B1004 *Vols.*

The Libraries shall, unless the Committee otherwise direct, be open for the issue and receipt of books every day, from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., except Wednesdays, Sundays, Christmas Day, Good Friday, Bank Holidays, and the first seven days in July (when closed for Annual Stock-taking), of which due notice will be given.

The time allowed for reading this work (which may be in one or more volumes) is FOURTEEN DAYS from the date of issue, and a FINE OF ONE PENNY will be charged for each week, or portion of a week, during which any work may be retained beyond that period.

Books cannot be exchanged on the day of issue, nor can those in Classes F and J (Fiction and Juvenile) be re-issued on the day of return.

Borrowers are required to report immediately any case of Infectious Disease occurring in the house in which they are resident, and to hand over to the Sanitary Officer any books in their possession, in order that the same may be disinfected or destroyed. Borrowers are warned that, by returning any books that have been exposed to infection, without previous and proper Disinfection, they are liable under the Public Health (London) Act, 1891, sec. 68, to a penalty not exceeding £5.

A Borrower's ticket is not transferable, and is available for two years from the date of issue, unless previously cancelled. At the expiration of two years the ticket must be delivered up, and a new form filled in by Borrower.

A Borrower ceasing to reside in the Borough, or to use the Libraries, shall return his ticket to be cancelled. Notice of any change in the residence of a Borrower or Guarantor, shall be given by the Borrower to the Librarian within fourteen days, under penalty of forfeiture of his ticket.

A Borrower who cannot conveniently attend in person to exchange books, shall send a messenger competent to take due care of the books. Every Borrower shall protect the books from rain or injury, during their transit to and from the Libraries, and use the books carefully and with clean hands, and shall not crease, soil, write upon, or otherwise injure any book. A borrower shall forthwith report to the Librarian any damage or injury done to any book, otherwise he or she will be answerable for the same.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any Borrower failing to return any book on or before June 30th for the Annual Stock-taking, will be fined ONE SHILLING.

196—3411—6000—8.7.13

12 MSC

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE

Author

Title

BOOK STORE

Books or discs must be returned on or before the last date stamped on label or on card in book pocket. Books or discs can be renewed by telephone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader. After library hours use the Ansafone Service (01-698 7347). For hours of opening and charges see notices at the above branch, but note that all lending departments close [redacted] on Wednesday and all libraries are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays and Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

CHAPTERS AT THE ENGLISH LAKES

PUBLISHED BY
JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS, GLASGOW,
Publishers to the University.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON.
New York, - - *The Macmillan Co.*
Toronto, - - - *The Macmillan Co. of Canada.*
London, - - - *Simpkin, Hamilton and Co.*
Cambridge, - - *Bowes and Bowes.*
Edinburgh, - - *Douglas and Foulis.*
Sydney, - - - *Angus and Robertson.*

MCMXIII.

GREENWICH
CENTRAL
LIBRARY
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

OLD PORTINSCALE BRIDGE

947·856

Chapters at the English Lakes

By the Rev.

H. D. Rawnsley

Canon of Carlisle

Author of "Literary Associations of the English Lakes," etc.

With Ten Illustrations

Glasgow

James MacLehose and Sons

Publishers to the University

1913

BH10H
19714
9W2.86T

WITHDRAWN
FROM
GREENWICH PUBLIC LIBRARIES

PREFATORY NOTE

My thanks are due to Mr. McMechan for the block of the Wigton pump from which Mrs. Rawnsley has made her drawing, and also for his kindness in giving me his reminiscences of Dickens's visit to Wigton; to Mrs. Griffith Boscawen for the portrait of Queen Adelaide; to the late Rev. Hugh Fleming for the manuscript description of Queen Adelaide's visit; to Miss Taylor for the photograph of Angus Fletcher; to Dr. Anderson for his survey and notes on the Druids' Circle; and to Miss Broatch for her help in reading the proof.

H. D. R.

August, 1913.

CONTENTS

PAGE

I. The Life and Death of John Wordsworth 1

II. Coleridge at the English Lakes - - 44

III. Charles Dickens in Cumberland - - 67

IV. Charles Dickens's Connexion with the Lake District - - - - - 104

V. Keswick and Neighbourhood—An Historical Sketch - - - - - 126

VI. The Stone Circle on Castrigg Fell - 152

VII. The Battle of Portinscale Bridge - - 168

VIII. An Old-Fashioned Parish Party - - 191

IX. Between Moonlight and Dawn—Skating on Derwentwater - - - - - 200

X. Wild Cherry Time in Westmoreland - 206

XI. The National Trust Possessions on Windermere

I. Borrans Field - - - - - - 214

II. Queen Adelaide's Hill - - - - 228

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Old Portinscale Bridge	*Frontispiece*
Memorial Stone to Brother John	40
The Old Pump and Lamp at Wigton as Dickens saw them	86
Angus Fletcher	106
Stone Circle on Castrigg Fell	152
Grouting in Progress	188
Frozen Derwentwater	200
Roman Camp and Borrans Field from Loughrigg	216
Queen Adelaide	228
Windermere and Miller Ground from Adelaide Hill	232

The illustrations of Portinscale Bridge are reproduced by permission of Mr. Mayson; the illustrations of Borrans Field and Windermere by permission of Mr. Herbert Bell; and the illustration of the Stone Circle by permission of Mr. Pettitt.

GREENWICH CENTRAL LIBRARY

I

The Life and Death of John Wordsworth

JOHN, the third son of John and Anne Wordsworth, was born at Cockermouth on December 4, 1772. He was thus two years and eight months all but three days younger than his brother the poet, and nearly a year younger than his sister Dorothy. Wordsworth in 'The Prelude' tells us,

> 'Early died
> My honoured Mother, she who was the heart
> And hinge of all our learnings and our loves.'

and at the age of six John was motherless. In the year 1778, William and his elder brother Richard were already at Hawkshead School, the old foundation of Archbishop Sandys, and some time between this date and the date of the father's death, which took place in 1783, John was sent to join them there.

There it was, in that vale of pastoral beauty, that John began to be haunted by a love of Nature which never forsook him, and encouraged perhaps insensibly by the elder brother learned to practise habits of close observation of natural objects that, while it fitted him to become as he afterwards became, a first-rate ship's officer, trained his mind to care with discrimination and warmest sympathy for the distinctive qualities of his brother's poems. We can imagine him under the humble roof of Dame Tyson, learning something of the virtues and the sorrows of the poor. We can follow him afoot upon the Furness fells with his brothers to set or reset the woodcock springes, or watch him sharing the adventures of his school-mates in their desperate climbs after the ravens' nests in Yewdale. We can track him by the beck with his rod and line, listen to him 'hooting' to the owls. He goes to the autumn copses with the lads for hazel nuts, he joins his school-mates at their favourite sport upon Esthwaite Water when

> 'all shod with steel
> They hissed along the polished ice in games
> Confederate.'

He shares with them the delight of mixing with

the shepherds at their clippings and sheep-washings, and doubtless knew right well the running-huntsmen of the dale.

What skill he had in learning we know not. His father used to encourage his boys to repeat passages by heart to him from Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser, in the holidays. It may have been partly owing to this that John Wordsworth early cared for poetry, and made the poets companions of his sailorhood. But the holidays so looked forward to, those holidays upon whose 'glad eve' the brothers used to repair to the High Crag near Out-Gate and 'scout-like,' having 'gained the summit,' to peer out in the direction of Penrith and the Kirkstone Pass

> 'impatient for the sight
> Of those led palfreys that should bear them home,'

were suddenly clouded with a great sorrow. Wordsworth tells us:

> 'ere we had been ten days
> Sojourners in my father's house he died
> And I and my three brothers orphans then
> Followed his body to the grave.'

John Wordsworth was then eleven years old, and he probably remained at Hawkshead till at

the age of sixteen he entered the service of the East India Company as midshipman. Dorothy Wordsworth, far from happy in her Penrith life, writing in 1787 says, 'The affection of my brothers consoles me in all my griefs, but how soon shall I be deprived of this consolation. William and Christopher are very clever. John, who is to be the sailor, has a most affectionate heart. He is not so bright as either William or Christopher, but he has very good common sense.'

'Many a time have W., J., C. and myself shed tears together, tears of the bitterest sorrow. We all of us feel each day the loss we sustained when we were deprived of our parents.'

It was this very orphanhood that drew the brothers and sisters together; bonds stronger than steel, the bonds of household sympathy were then woven that no wandering upon strange waters should ever break.

Wordsworth is his brother's biographer at this time, and we find in a poem written in 1800, called 'The Brothers,' which was intended as a concluding poem to a series of pastorals in the Lake Country—a picture of John Wordsworth's mind, and a hint of the great love between the

brothers. Wordsworth thus describes him under the name of Leonard:

'A shepherd lad who ere his sixteenth year
Had left that calling, tempted to entrust
His expectations to the fickle winds
And perilous waters; with the mariners
A fellow-mariner;—and so had fared
Through twenty seasons; but he had been reared
Among the mountains, and he in his heart
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds
Of caves and trees:—and, when the regular wind
Between the tropics filled the steady sail,
. . . . . .
he, in those hours
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze;
. . . . . .
Below him, in the bosom of the deep
Saw mountains; saw the forms of sheep that grazed
On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,
And shepherds clad in the same country grey
Which he himself had worn.'

There can be little doubt it was in the fair lap of that Hawkshead vale, the nurse of so much that is immortal in English song, that John Wordsworth received so much

'From Nature and her overflowing soul,
that all his thoughts
Were steeped in feeling.'

Of our lakeland scenery and its power to impress the mind with noble aspiration, the sailor lad who grew up to be the pattern of 'The Happy Warrior' could as surely say as his elder brother said,

> 'Ye mountains and ye lakes
> And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds
> That dwell among the hills where I was born,
> If in my youth I have been pure of heart,
> If mingling with the world I am content
> With my own modest pleasures, and have lived
> With God and Nature communing, removed
> From little enmities and low desires
> The gift is yours.'

Of John Wordsworth's life for the next fourteen years we know little or nothing; but that he rose by sheer diligence and force of character to a position of great trust is plain from the fact that at twenty-eight he was called to be commander or captain of one of the finest vessels in the East India Company's fleet.

In 1800 there was great joy in the little cottage of Town-end. Not only in that year did Mary Hutchinson, the poet's fiancée, come for a long visit, not only did S. T. Coleridge become a constant guest, but as Wordsworth tells us in 'The Recluse,' his beautiful and quiet home was enriched

> 'Already with a stranger whom we love
> Deeply—a stranger of our father's house
> A never resting Pilgrim of the sea
> Who finds at last an hour to his content
> Beneath our roof.'

It was more than 'an hour of content' that Brother John enjoyed. He came in the early spring, and remained with them till Monday, September 29th. It was the first time since he had gone to sea fourteen years before that he had really seen much of his brother and sister. How thoroughly he, the 'cherished visitant,' entered into the Town-end life we can gather from the few notes in Dorothy's Journal. The affectionate-hearted brothers must have found in Dorothy a full response. Here is an extract:

'14 May, 1800. William and John set off into Yorkshire, they were only going to be absent for about three weeks. I left them at the turning of the Low Wood Bay under the trees. My heart was so full that I could hardly speak to W. when I said farewell. I sate a long time upon a stone at the margin of the lake, and after a flood of tears my heart was easier.'

'Saturday, June 7th. I did not leave home, in the expectation of William and John.'

'Saturday morning, Aug. 2. William and Coleridge went to Keswick. John went with them to Wytheburn, and staid all day, fishing.'

'Friday, 28 August. We walked over the hill by the Fir-grove. The lake of Rydal very beautiful, partly still. John and I left William to compose an inscription—that about the path.' The path in question is probably the footpath along under Nab Scar.

'Saturday morning, 29th August. William finished his inscription of the Pathway, then walked in the wood—the Fir-grove—and when John returned he sought him and they bathed together.'

'Wednesday, 3 September. Coleridge, William and John, went upon Helvellyn.' And then comes the entry, 'Sunday, Sept. 27. We heard of the Abergavenny's arrival.' The excitement of that news was too much for Dorothy, she misdates the entry, Saturday was not the 27th, but the 28th. One does not wonder, for that letter would probably bring news that John had been appointed to full command of the East Indiaman.

The next entry runs: 'Monday, 29th. John left us. William and I parted with him in sight

of Ulleswater. It was a fine day, showery but with sunshine and clouds. Poor fellow, my heart was right sad. I could not help thinking we should see him again, because he was only going to Penrith.'

Dis aliter visum. It is doubtful if Dorothy ever set eyes upon her beloved brother at Townend again.

There stands on the left hand side of the track by which one passes down to Patterdale about 100 yards from the Grisedale Tarn a large mass of rock. On it in 1888, I was able on behalf of the Wordsworth Society to have roughly engraved two verses from Wordsworth's elegiac poems composed in 1805, commemorative of that sad parting on Michaelmas Day of 1800. The first runs:

> 'Here did we stop: and here looked round
> While each into himself descends
> For that last thought of parting friends
> That is not to be found.'

And we must needs finish the verse, for it explains the motive of the poem, which is regret almost too poignant for words that the hope and earnest wish of Brother John's heart was not to be granted:

'Hidden was Grasmere's Vale from sight,
Our home and his, his heart's delight,
His quiet heart's selected home,
But time before him melts away
And he hath feeling of a day
Of blessedness to come.'

The blessed day John looked for was the day when he should, after a few more voyages, be able to leave his profession and coming back to Grasmere share his brother and sister's life, and add his fortune to the Town-end store. Wordsworth tells us as much in his poem 'The Brothers':

'And now at last
From perils manifold with some small wealth
Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian Isles,
To his paternal home he is returned
With a determined purpose to resume
The life he had lived there; both for the sake
Of many darling pleasures, and the love
Which to an only brother he has borne
In all his hardships, since that happy time
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two
Where brother shepherds on their native hills.

. . . . . .

Poor Leonard! when we parted,
He took me by the hand, and said to me,
If e'er he should grow rich, he would return,
To live in peace upon his father's land,
And lay his bones among us.'

It was one of the deepest disappointments of Wordsworth's life that Brother John's purpose was unfulfilled, and it lends pathos to the broken-hearted lines, composed close to the scene of that parting by Grisedale Tarn, which conclude with the verse :

> 'Brother and friend, if verse of mine
> Have power to make thy virtues known
> Here let a monumental stone
> Stand—sacred as a shrine.
> And to the few who pass this way
> Traveller and shepherd let it say,
> Long as these mighty rocks endure—
> Oh do not thou too fondly brood
> Although deserving of all good
> On any earthly hope however pure.'

The sailor had endeared himself to all at Grasmere. Mary Hutchinson, with whom he took long walks, became, so Dorothy tells us, exceedingly attached to him, Coleridge took him to his heart, and William, who, as he wrote in his memorial poem on the Fir-grove beginning, 'When to the attractions of the busy world,' though at the first meeting after their long separation he had found that

> 'Between us there was little other bond
> Than common feelings of fraternal love,'

soon came to perceive that his brother had all the fine appreciation of Nature and of poetry that he himself had, and was the companion of his soul:

> 'But thou, a Schoolboy, to the sea hadst carried
> Undying recollections; Nature there
> Was with thee; and even so didst thou become
> A silent Poet.'

Many were the lonely walks the sailor took upon the fells. He seems especially to have cared for the effects of clouds and of moonlight on the hills, and had brought home with him from the sea and his night watches the delight of commune with the stars. He was a handy man, and I always fancy that it was Brother John who encouraged the home party when they met their friend Coleridge at the trysting-place beside Thirlmere to so carefully cut in the untractable volcanic ash of the 'Rock of Names' those deep initials that for nearly a century preserved a record of their happy meeting.

John Wordsworth was not afraid of his own thoughts. In the Service they nicknamed him 'philosopher,' and often unbeknown to the Townend family would he stroll off to the Fir-grove opposite the Wishing Gate that is called 'Lady Wood' to-day, and there on the upper fell-side

border of the wood—a wood which was not then walled in, as it is now, and which was then filled with a noble company of Scotch firs, whose deep blue green was set off by the sunset gold of a fine beech tree—there would he pace to and fro as if he were keeping a deck watch on board ship.

The winter of 1800-1801 was very severe with deep snow.

> 'Sharp season followed of continual storm
> In deepest winter, and from week to week
> Pathway and lane and public road were clogged
> With frequent showers of snow.'

Wordsworth, writing his poem in 1805, perhaps within a few days of his brother's death, tells us, when the snow dissolved—one bright April day,

> 'By chance retiring from the glare of noon
> To this forsaken covert there I found
> A hoary pathway traced between the trees.'

The sight of that little track worn by his sailor brother pacing there unwearied and alone made the poet feel and understand the working of the mind of the man who

> 'from the solitude
> Of the vast sea did bring a watchful heart
> Still couchant, an inevitable ear
> And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.'

'Back to the joyless ocean thou art gone,' cries the poet,

> 'And now I call the pathway by thy name
> And love the Fir-grove with a perfect love.'

That company of fir trees has dwindled, the larch has supplanted them, the beech tree is no more, the magnificent prospect once obtained there

> 'Of Silver How and Grasmere's peaceful lake
> And one green island's gleam between the stem
> Of the dark firs,'

has been blotted out by the growth of the woodland beneath. 'Brother John's grove,' the open air study of the Town-end poet and poetess, William and Dorothy, has been sold in part for building operations. But even now a ghost walks there. It is the ghost of as 'brave a sailor as ever sailed the seas.' Still

> 'At every impulse of the moving breeze
> The Fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,'

and sounds of human sorrow and sighing mix and mingle with sounds of the sea.

John Wordsworth sailed in April for China, and we get a glimpse of his feeling for poetry and of his right judgment of his brother's work

from letters written to a friend about the *Lyrical Ballads*, a second edition of which had just appeared. 'I do not think,' he writes to a friend early in 1801, 'that William's poetry will become popular for some time to come: it does not suit the present taste. I was in company the other evening with a gentleman who had read the "Cumberland Beggar." "Why," says he, "this is very pretty; but you may call it *any thing but poetry*." The truth is, few people *read* poetry; they *buy* it for the name, read about twenty lines—the language is very fine, and they are content with praising the whole. Most of William's poetry *improves on the second, third, or fourth reading*. Now, people in general are not sufficiently interested to try a second reading.'

In another letter he thus expresses himself: 'The poems *will become* popular *in time*, but it will be *by degrees*. The fact is, there are not a great many persons that will be pleased with them at first, but those that *are* pleased with them, will be pleased *in a high degree*, and they will *be people of sense*: and this will have weight, and *then* people who neither understand, nor wish to understand them, will praise them.'

Again he thus speaks: 'My brother's poetry

has a great deal to struggle against; but I hope it will overcome all: it is certainly *founded upon Nature, and that is the best foundation.*'

Writing to his sister from Portsmouth, on board the 'Abergavenny,' he says, April 22, 1801: 'We have the finest ship in the fleet; nobody can tell her from a 74-gun ship. The Bengal fleet have sailed with a fine breeze. . . . I thank you for the Poems which you have copied for me. I always liked the preface to "Peter Bell," and would be obliged to you if you could send it to me. . . . As for the "Lyrical Ballads," *I do not give myself the smallest concern about them.* . . . I am certain they must sell. I shall write to you again before we sail.'

On that voyage to China we know that the sailor took with him *Anderson's Poets* for study in spare hours. He returned in the autumn, and the poet who was in London all that September—the month before his marriage—saw him. It is significant of the bent of his mind that the first thing he does upon his arrival home is to send down to Townend his copy of *Anderson's Poets*, and to ask William what books he can recommend him for a sixteen months' voyage. Wordsworth replies, telling him what edition of

Spenser he is to buy, and sending him copies of some of his favourites among the sonnets of Milton.

From this second voyage in the 'Abergavenny,' Brother John returned towards the end of 1804, and so far as we know he had but one regret, it was that it had not turned out a commercial success. This troubled him, not for his own sake but for the sake of his brother and sister at Townend, and of his desire to help them to a life of unharassed competency. He was unable to come north to Westmoreland, for the 'Earl of Abergavenny' was to sail as soon as possible, and he had been just appointed to the full command of her. In February, 1805, John Wordsworth, lately appointed commander, sailed from Portsmouth with as fair a prospect of realising his hopes of being able to help his brother, and return to settle at the Grasmere of his heart, as was ever vouchsafed to 'a wandering pilgrim of the sea.' The ship 'Earl of Abergavenny' was one of the two finest and best-found merchantman in the East India Company's fleet. Captain Wordsworth had always had a fear of pilots. He told his brother William that it was 'a joyful hour for them when they got rid of

them'; but a pilot came aboard, and with this result, that on February 6th, London and the south, for the news did not reach the north till nearly a week later, was shocked from end to end by the tale of the casting away on the previous afternoon of the 'Earl of Abergavenny' on the Shambles, and of her subsequent foundering with loss of the bulk of the passengers, and the captain and chief officers, and all the cargo. Robert Southey writing from Keswick to his brother the lieutenant within the week says: 'We have been dreadfully shocked here by the fate of Wordsworth's brother, Captain of the "Abergavenny" East Indiaman, which has just been lost in Portland Bay, almost as shocking as the "Halsewell," 300 lives. You will learn the particulars from the papers if any reach you; and if not I will not employ what little of the sheet is left on a subject which makes my very flesh quiver.'

Writing to his friend Wynn on the same evening that the news reached Greta Hall, Southey says:

'Of course the news came flying up to us from all quarters and it has disordered me from head to foot. In such circumstances I believe we feel

as much for others as for ourselves.... In fact, I am writing to you merely because this dreadful shipwreck has left me utterly unable to do anything else. It is the heaviest calamity Wordsworth has ever experienced, and in all probability I shall have to communicate it to him, as he will very likely be here before the tidings can reach him.'

By the kindness of a lady in the neighbourhood, I have been able to see a contemporary print of the ill-fated ship, and from a rare pamphlet entitled, 'An Authentic Narrative of the Loss of the Earl of Abergavenny, East Indiaman, Captain John Wordsworth, Off Portland on the night of the 5th of Feb. 1805, drawn from official documents and communications from various respectable survivors. By a gentleman in the East India House and printed in 1805,' we may glean some particulars of 'the disastrous shipwreck' that brought such grief to the home of the Grasmere poet. The pamphlet is intended to be an official account of the disaster, and is on that account to be exonerated from the criticism made upon it at the time by Wordsworth who, writing to a friend, said, 'I am told it is very unfeelingly written.'

The 'Earl of Abergavenny' was of 1280 tons burden, with a ship's company of 160 men. She was chartered to take cotton from Bengal for the Canton market, and she was carrying out 150 of the King's and of the Company's troops. There were forty passengers at the Captain's table, eleven at the third mate's and thirty-two Chinese, making a total of 402 souls aboard. She carried merchandise for Bengal and China valued at £89,075 11s. 10d., and was one of the two vessels that seemed to be the especial pride of the East India Company. Captain John Wordsworth, who was only thirty-two years of age, was considered a very fortunate man to have obtained command of her for this her fifth voyage. He had already made two voyages in her to India, and is spoken of in the pamphlet as 'a commander of distinguished ability and exemplary character.' The gentleness of his demeanour had created him the title of what few seamen can lay claim to, that of the 'Philosopher.' It is believed the loss of the ship was due to the inexperience of a pilot. Thomas Gilpin, the fourth mate, who was among the survivors, tells us that 'about 3 p.m. the wind being W.S.W. they got on board a pilot about

two leagues to the westward of Portland. They got out the jibboom about 4. While crossing the east end of the Shambles the wind suddenly died away, and a strong tide setting the ship to the westward, drifted her into the breakers, and a sea striking her on the larboard quarters brought her to, with her head to the northward when she instantly struck, it being about 5 p.m. Let out all the reefs and hoisted the top-sails up, in hopes to shoot the ship across the Shambles. About this time the wind shifted to the N.W. The surf driving us off and the tide setting us on alternately. . . . Continued in this situation till about half-past seven when she got off. During the time she was on the Shambles had from 3 to 4 ft. water. . . . During the whole time the pumps constantly going. Finding she (that is the water) gained on us, it was determined to run her on the nearest shore. About eight the wind shifted to the eastward, the leak continuing to gain upon the pumps. The ship would not bear up and kept the helm hard on starboard. She lay water-logged but still had hope she would be kept up till we got her on to Weymouth Sands. Cut the lashage of the boats, could not get the long-boat out without bringing the main-top sail

aback, by which our purposes would have been so delayed that no hope would have been left us of running her aground... and there being several sloops in sight, one having sent a small skiff on board took away two ladies and three other passengers and put them on board the sloop, at the same time promising to return and take away one hundred or more of the people. She finding much difficulty in getting back to the ship did not return. About this time Mate Joseph Wordsworth—a cousin of the Commander—and the Purser were sent in the cutter to get assistance from the other ships. Continued pumping and baling till 11 p.m. when she sunk—last cast of the lead 11 fathoms, having fired guns from the time she struck till she went down about two a.m. Boats came and took people from the wreck about 70 in number. The troops, in particular the dragoons, pumped very well. Thomas Gilpin.'

This is the brief account in matter-of-fact sailor language. But we know from other witnesses that the vessel when she struck the Shambles beat with such violence upon the reef that officers and men could scarcely keep their feet; but Captain Wordsworth had so sure a

belief in the soundness of his ship's timbers that he was confident he would get her off without material damage. Indeed, no signal guns were fired for the first hour and a half, and we are told that in the great confusion and alarm the officers kept up the spirits of the passengers, though sensible of their danger, by observing a discreet silence. The only expression that passed Captain Wordsworth's lips when they struck was, 'Oh pilot! pilot! you have ruined me!'

It was not till they were making for the coast that the carpenter reported such a leak near the bottom of the chain-pumps as he had no power to stop: the sun went down and the wind rose to a gale. It was a freezingly cold evening. At six it was clear that the water-logged ship was doomed. 'But,' we read, 'the captain and officers gave their orders with the greatest firmness and coolness, and by their proper conduct were enabled to preserve subordination. Guns of distress were constantly fired; sloops and boats were seen and heard in the immediate neighbourhood of the ship but offered no succour. At nine o'clock the fate of the vessel was sealed. At ten she was nearly full of water and began to sink. The sailors, exhausted with their labours

and perhaps feeling that they could the better meet their fate if they had something that could give them Dutch courage, pressed round the spirit room. "Give us some grog," they cried. "It will all be the same an hour hence." But the Middy with his pistol in either hand stood on guard of the rum barrel store. "I know we must die," he said coolly, "but let us die like men."'

There in the gallant midshipman spoke the gallant commander. Some minutes before the ship sunk, Mr. Baggot, the Chief Mate, went to Captain Wordsworth and said, 'We have done all we can, sir. She will sink in a moment.'

The captain replied, 'It cannot be helped. God's will be done.'

The captain and chief mate were seen up to the last to be conversing with apparent cheerfulness. The water had reached the larboard deck, and at about eleven o'clock a sudden gust of wind laid her almost on her beam, and in a few minutes she sank. The heart-rending cries of the crew and passengers were heard at Lulworth Cove. As the ill-fated vessel went down, Captain Wordsworth was seen clinging to the ropes. Mr. Gilpin used every persuasion to induce him to endeavour to save his life. He did not seem

desirous to survive the loss of the ship. That at least was the impression conveyed at the time, and his brother the poet accepted the idea.

That he could have got up into the tops and rigging had he so wished is believable, for when the ship touched bottom so much of her top hamper was above water as to allow 180 persons to keep temporary foot-hold, but the seas that broke over them gradually washed them away, too numbed to hold on any longer in the bitter frosty night. And when at midnight two sloops came to anchor close to the wreck, less than one hundred still survived the deadly cold and violence of the waves.

We know from Wordsworth's poem of the 'Daisy' that his brother's body was not found for several weeks.

> 'Six weeks beneath the moving sea,
> He lay in slumber quietly:
> Unforced by wind and wave
> To quit the ship for which he died
> (All claims of duty satisfied)
> And there they found him at her side
> And bore him to the grave.'

As the inscription on the memorial stone set up to-day tells us, the place of his sepulture was Wyke Regis churchyard. No stone marks the

grave; the tradition says he was buried on the east side of the church porch. It seemed fitting to Mr. Stopford Brooke and myself that the name of a brave man whose tragic death was so deeply 'felt in the blood and felt along the heart' of his family and friends, ought not to be allowed to pass from memory. And after consultation with Mr. Gordon Wordsworth and the descendants of the poet, the simple stone and briefest inscription was decided upon, which we unveil to-day.

News travelled slowly in those days. The shipwreck had taken place on Tuesday, February 5. The tidings did not reach Grasmere till the following Monday, the 11th. It was a dark day for the little household at Townend when that cloud of sorrow fell upon them. Wordsworth had lately finished his poem on the 'Fir-grove,' in the closing lines of which he tells us:

> 'Alone I tread this path;—for aught I know,
> Timing my steps to thine; and, with a store
> Of undistinguishable sympathies,
> Mingling most earnest wishes for the day
> When we, and others whom we love, shall meet
> A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.'

The dream of that united family life was rudely broken, and the correspondence that passed

between William and Dorothy and their friends shows us how shattering was the blow, how nobly borne was the grief. I quote passages not so much to show the deep feeling and affection of those who mourned as to be able to conjure up something of the character of that 'happy warrior' whose memory we honour to-day. Writing to Sir George Beaumont on the day the news reached him, he says, 'The calamitous news reached me at 2 p.m. to-day. I write from a house of mourning. My poor sister, and my wife who loved him almost as we did (for he was one of the most amiable of men), are in miserable affliction, which I do all in my power to alleviate; but Heaven knows I want consolation myself. I can say nothing higher of my ever-dear brother, than that he was worthy of his sister, who is now weeping beside me, and of the friendship of Coleridge; meek, affectionate, silently enthusiastic, loving all quiet things, and a poet in everything but words. . . . We did not love him as a brother merely, but as a man of original mind, and an honour to all about him. . . . We have had no tidings of Coleridge. I tremble for the moment when he is to hear of my brother's death; it will distress him to the heart, and his

poor body cannot bear sorrow. He loved my brother, and he knows how we at Grasmere loved him.'

Wordsworth's fears were justified. Coleridge writing to his wife from Malta, under date July 21, 1805, adds postscript thus: 'On being abruptly told by Lady Bell of John Wordsworth's fate, I attempted to stagger out of the room (the great saloon of the Palace with fifty people present), but before I could reach the door fell down on the ground in a convulsive hysteric fit. I was confined to my room for a fortnight after, and now I am afraid to open a letter and dare not ask a question of any new comer.'

The next day Wordsworth writes to Southey begging him to come over the Raise to help to console the sorrowing ones at Townend. 'We see nothing here,' he says, 'that does not remind us of our dear brother; there is nothing about us (save the children, whom he had not seen) that he has not known and loved. If you could bear to come to this house of mourning, to-morrow, I should be for ever thankful. We weep much to-day, and that relieves us. As to fortitude, I hope I shall show that. . . . But grief must have its course . . . come to us to-morrow

if you can. Your conversation, I know, will do us good.'

On February 20, Wordsworth, having occasion to write to Sir George Beaumont, returns to the subject nearest to his heart. 'Having spoken of worldly affairs, let me again mention my beloved brother. It is now just five years since—after a separation of fourteen years (I may call it a separation, for we only saw him four or five times, and by glimpses)—he came to visit his sister and me in this cottage, and passed eight blessed months with us. He was then waiting for the command of the ship to which he was appointed when he quitted us. As you will have seen, we had little to live upon, and he as little (Lord Lonsdale being then alive). But he encouraged me to persist, and to keep my eye steady on its object. He would work for me (that was his language), for me and his sister; and I was to endeavour to do something for the world. He went to sea, as commander, with this hope; his voyage was very unsuccessful, he having lost by it considerably. When he came home, we chanced to be in London, and saw him. "Oh!" said he, "I have thought of you, and nothing but you, if ever of myself, and my bad success, it

was only on your account." He went to sea a second time, and also was unsuccessful; still with the same hopes on our account, though then not so necessary, Lord Lowther having paid the money. Lastly came the lamentable voyage, which he entered upon full of expectation and love to his sister and myself, and my wife whom, indeed, he loved with all a brother's tenderness. This is the end of his part of the agreement—of his efforts for my welfare! God grant me life and strength to fulfil mine! I shall never forget him—never lose sight of him. There is a bond between us yet, the same as if he were living, nay, far more sacred, calling upon me to do my utmost, as he to the last did his utmost to live in honour and worthiness. Some of the newspapers carelessly asserted that he did not wish to survive his ship. This is false. He was heard by one of the surviving officers giving orders, with all possible calmness, a very little before the ship went down; and when he could remain at his post no longer, then, and not till then, he attempted to save himself. I knew this would be so, but it was satisfactory for me to have it confirmed by external evidence. Do you think our grief unreasonable. Of all human beings whom I ever

knew, he was the man of the most rational desires, the most sedate habits, and the most perfect self-command. He was modest and gentle, and shy even to disease; but this was wearing off. In everything his judgments were sound and original; his taste in all the arts—music and poetry in particular (for these he, of course, had had the best opportunities of being familiar with)—was exquisite; and his eye for the beauties of nature was as fine and delicate as ever poet or painter was gifted with, in some discriminations—owing to his education and way of life—far superior to any person's I ever knew. But, alas! what avails it? It was the will of God that he should be taken away.

. . . . .

'I trust in God that I shall not want fortitude; but my loss is great and irreparable.

. . . . .

Your most affectionate friend,

W. WORDSWORTH.'

Again—

'Grasmere, March 12, 1805.

. . . A thousand times have I asked myself, as your tender sympathy led me to do, "why was he taken away?" and I have answered the question as you have done. In fact, there is no other

answer which can satisfy and lay the mind at rest. Why have we a choice, and a will, and a notion of justice and injustice, enabling us to be moral agents? Why have we sympathies that make the best of us so afraid of inflicting pain and sorrow, which yet we see dealt about so lavishly by the supreme Governor? Why should our notions of right towards each other, and to all sentient beings within our influence, differ so widely from what appears to be His notion and rule, *if everything were to end here*? Would it not be blasphemy to say that, upon the supposition of the thinking principle being *destroyed by death*, however inferior we may be to the great Cause and Ruler of things, we have *more of love* in our nature than He has? The thought is monstrous; and yet, how to get rid of it, except upon the supposition of *another* and a *better world*, I do not see. As to my departed brother, who leads our minds at present to these reflections, he walked all his life, pure among many impure. Except a little hastiness of temper, when anything was done in a clumsy or bungling manner, or when improperly contradicted upon occasions of not much importance, he had not one vice of his profession. I never heard an

oath, or even an indelicate expression or allusion, from him in my life. His modesty was equal to that of the purest woman. In prudence, in meekness, in self-denial, in fortitude, in just desires, and elegant and refined enjoyments, with an entire simplicity of manners, life, and habit, he was all that could be wished for in man; strong in health, and of a noble person, with every hope about him that could render life dear; thinking of, and living only for, others—and we see what has been his end! So good must be better; so high must be destined to be higher.

. . . . .

A few minutes before the ship went down, my brother was seen talking with the first mate, with apparent cheerfulness; and he was standing on the hen-coop, which is the point from which he could overlook the whole ship, the moment she went down, dying, as he had lived, in the very place and point where his duty stationed him. I must beg your pardon for detaining you so long on this melancholy subject; and yet it is not altogether melancholy, for what nobler spectacle can be contemplated than that of a virtuous man with a serene countenance in such an overwhelming situation? . . . He was of a meek and

retired nature, loving all quiet things.—I remain, dear Sir George, your most affectionate friend,

W. Wordsworth.'

In a letter to Richard Sharpe under date, Grasmere, March 13, 1805, occurs the following passage:

'Poor, blind creatures that we are! how he hoped and struggled, and we hoped and struggled to procure him this voyage. He wrote to us from Portsmouth in the highest spirits, and then came those dismal tidings! Oh, my dear friend, no words can express the anguish which we have endured. Our brother was the pride and delight of our hearts: never present to our minds but as an object of hope and pleasure; we had no expectation in life a thousand part so pleasing as that of his coming to live among us the life he loved, and reap the reward of his long privations.'

The sorrow froze for a time the springs of poetry within Wordsworth's heart, and when at last he essayed the task of putting into verse what he felt about his brother, he was so overwhelmed by the rush of feeling, so overpowered by his subject that he could not proceed.

In a letter to Sir George Beaumont under date, Grasmere, May 1st, 1805, he writes:

'My dear Sir George,

I have wished to write to you every day this long time, but I have also had another wish, which has interfered to prevent me; I mean the wish to assume my poetical labours: time was stealing away fast from me and nothing done, and my mind still seeming unfit to do anything.

At first I had a strong impulse to write a poem that should record my brother's virtues, and be worthy of his memory. I began to give vent to my feelings with this view, but I was overpowered by my subject and could not proceed. I composed much, but it is all lost except a few lines, as it came from me in such a torrent that I was unable to remember it. I could not hold the pen myself, and the subject was such that I could not employ Mrs. Wordsworth or my sister as my amanuensis. This work must therefore rest awhile till I am something calmer; I shall however never be at peace till, as far as in me lies, I have done justice to my departed brother's memory. His heroic death (the particulars of which I have now accurately collected from several of the survivors), exacts this from me,

and still more his singularly interesting character, and virtuous and innocent life.

Unable to proceed with this work, I turned my thoughts again to the Poem on my own life. . . .'

Dorothy wrote to Miss Jane Pollard, afterwards Mrs. Marshall, and later in the year, after the first agony had subsided, to Mary Lamb. Mary Lamb's answer is undated, but it is full of tenderest sympathy and wise concern. 'I wished to tell you that you would one day feel the kind of peaceful state of mind and sweet memory of the dead which you so happily describe as now almost begun. But I felt that it was improper and not fitting to the feelings of the afflicted to say to them that the memory of their affliction would in time become a constant part not only of their dreams, but of their more wakeful seasons of happiness. That you would see every object with and through your lost brother, and that that would at last become a real and everlasting source of comfort to you I felt and well knew from my own experience in sorrow, but till you yourself began to feel this I did not dare to tell you so, but I send you some poor lines which I wrote under this conviction of mind, and before I heard Coleridge was returning home :

'Why is he wandering on the sea?
Coleridge should sure with Wordsworth be,
By slow degrees he'd steal away
Their woes; and gently bring a ray
(So happily he'd time relief)
Of comfort from their very grief
He'd tell them that their brother dead
When years have passéd over their head
Will be remembered with such holy
True and tender melancholy
That ever this lost brother John
Will be their heart's companion.
His voice they'll always hear,
His face they'll always see,
There's naught in life so sweet
As such a memory.'

Some extracts from Dorothy's letter to her friend Jane Pollard would seem fitly to conclude the sketch of the character of brother John. The letter is dated, Grasmere, March 16, 1805, and runs thus:

'It does me good to weep for him, and it does me good to find that others weep, and I bless them for it. . . . It is with me, when I write, as when I am walking out in this vale, once so full of joy; I can turn to no object that does not remind me of our loss. I see nothing that he would not have loved and enjoyed. . . . My consolations rather come to me in gusts of feeling than are the

quiet growth of my mind. I know it will not always be so. The time will come when the light of the setting sun upon these mountain tops will be as heretofore a pure joy; not the same gladness, that can never be, but yet a joy even more tender. It will soothe me to know how happy he would have been could he have seen the same beautiful spectacle. . . . He was taken away in the freshness of his manhood: pure he was, and innocent as a child. Never human being was more thoroughly modest, and his courage I need not speak of. He was "seen speaking with apparent cheerfulness to the first mate a few minutes before the ship went down"; and when nothing more could be done, he said, "the will of God be done." I have no doubt when he felt that it was out of his power to save his life he was as calm as before, if some thought of what we should endure did not awaken a pang. . . . He loved solitude, and he rejoiced in society. He would wander alone amongst these hills with his fishing-rod, or led on by the mere pleasure of walking for many hours; or he would walk with W. or me, or both of us, and was continually pointing out—with a gladness which is seldom seen but in very young people—something which perhaps would have

escaped our observation; for he had so fine an eye that no distinction was unnoticed by him, and so tender a feeling that he never noticed anything in vain. Many a time has he called out to me at evening to look at the moon or stars, or a cloudy sky, or this vale in the quiet moonlight; but the stars and moon were his chief delight. He made of them his companions when at sea, and was never tired of those thoughts which the silence of the night fed in him. Then he was so happy by the fireside. Any little business of the house interested him. He loved our cottage. He helped us to furnish it and to make the garden. Trees are growing now which he planted. . . . He stayed with us till the 29th of September, having come to us about the end of January. During that time Mary Hutchinson, now Mary Wordsworth, stayed with us six weeks. John used to walk with her everywhere, and they were exceedingly attached to each other; and so my poor sister mourns with us, not merely because we have lost one who was so dear to William and me, but from tender love to John and an intimate knowledge of him. Her hopes as well as ours were fixed on John. . . . I can think of nothing but our departed brother, yet I

am very tranquil to-day. I honour him, and love him, and glory in his memory. . . .'

It is because we know how that pure unselfish thoughtful life of the sailor and philosopher and silent poet in one, affects all who read of it that we also love him and glory in his memory. 'The meek of the earth' who 'love all quiet things' are not so plentiful as that we can afford to forget Captain Wordsworth. It is in a sense true that, though his body rests in a nameless grave in a far-off Dorset churchyard, he needs no monument, for the poet in at least seven poems has given his sailor brother immortality. But the humble memorial stone,[1] which friends of the poet's family have now set by the side of the poet's grave in the Grasmere churchyard, is more than a mere cenotaph; it is meant to be a stone of help to all who care for the best of our British characteristics, the love of family and home. Others will visit this hallowed spot, who have felt what Wordsworth felt when he wrote

> 'I have submitted to a new control:
> A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
> A deep distress hath humanised my Soul,'

[1] This stone was erected with the consent of the family by Canon Rawnsley and the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke.

MEMORIAL STONE TO BROTHER JOHN

(Third from left)

and learn here how best to bear their loss. Others will stand by the side of the brave sailor's memorial who know what glory is bequeathed to our land by the way in which, at the call of duty, our noblest and our best respond, and give their lives for the brethren. These will remember how much of the appeal of that 'Stern daughter of the voice of God' has ever lain in the love of the homeland and the faith in its 'pure religion breathing household laws.'

It was given to few of Wordsworth's day to care so intensely for the beauty of their mountain home, as did this pure-hearted, tenderly-observant brother John. As Wordsworth wrote 'The Character of the Happy Warrior,' it was not only or chiefly of Lord Nelson he was thinking. Let us recall a few of the lines

'Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, for honour, or for worldly state;

. . . . . .

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
And who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined

> Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover . . .
> . . . . . .
> Or if an unexpected call succeed,
> Come when it will, is equal to the need:
> —He who, though thus endued as with a sense
> And faculty for storm and turbulence,
> Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
> To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
> Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
> Are at his heart; and such fidelity
> It is his darling passion to approve;
> More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
> . . . . . .
> Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
> Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
> Plays, in the many games of life, that one
> Where what he most doth value must be won:'

and as we recall them, I am much mistaken if a certain unvisited grave beside the English Channel does not open, and one

> 'Who, not content that former worth stood fast,
> Looked forward, persevering to the last
> From well to better daily self-surpast,'

comes forth to help our time, as he helped the men he sailed with a century ago.

Henceforth none who gaze upon this resting-place of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, but will remember that 'beloved brother whose contemplative character, whose powers of observa-

tion, whose love for Nature and whose passion for these hills and this vale, whose tender kindness, whose gentle brotherhood and homely grace made him, as the inscription tells us, a 'cherished visitant' in the old Townend days. 'John's Grove' with its sorrowful sighing may pass away, but here in this beautiful God's Acre of St. Oswald beside the river, will Rotha sing perpetual requiem, and this stone of memorial may, we trust, for centuries recall a poet's loss, a sister's sorrow, and a brother's love.

II

Coleridge at the English Lakes

COLERIDGE was a dweller at the English Lakes for two short periods—from 1800 to 1804 at Keswick, and at Grasmere from 1808 to 1810. It is interesting to note how the scenery of the country colours his poems. Of him, as of the shepherd Michael, it is true :

> 'These fields, these hills—what could they less—had laid
> Strong hold on his affections, were to him
> A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
> The pleasure which there is in life itself.'

He came to the Lake Country, with Wordsworth and his brother John, in the autumn of 1799, and saw the Keswick vale for the first time in the second week of November. He must have brought with him from Sockburn the MSS. of his 'Genevieve' and 'The Ballad of the Dark Ladie,'

which he had there composed. It is possible that such lines in the first poem,

> 'And that he crossed the mountain-woods
> Nor rested day nor night,'

and

> 'When on the yellow forest leaves
> A dying man he lay,'

and such a verse as

> 'Beneath yon birch with silver bark
> And boughs so pendulous and fair,
> The brook falls scattered down the rock,
> And all is merry there,'

were touches that he took from all the golden woodland and waterfalls of the Keswick or the Grasmere vale. It was then he first saw Grasmere, and it was then that Wordsworth determined to rent the Town End cottage to which he brought his sister in December of the same year.

We know from Coleridge's journal that one of the views that impressed him on this first visit was the view from the Druids' Circle. 'On the right,' says he, 'the road and Saddleback; on the left a fine but unwatered vale (Naddle), walled by grassy hills and a fine black crag standing single at the terminus as sentry (Great Howe). Before him, that is towards Keswick, the mountains stand one behind the other in orderly array, as if

evoked by and attentive to the white vested wizards.'

One can never stand at the Druids' Circle without a thought of his first view of that fair scene, or without a sigh to think of his wife thirty years later taking her last farewell of the Keswick vale from that same viewpoint.

We learn from Dorothy's journal that Coleridge on that tour saw Grasmere vale and Rydal water first from the western side of both those lakes, for writing under date January 31st, 1802: 'We walked round the two lakes; Grasmere was very soft and Rydal was extremely beautiful from the western side.... I always love to walk that way because it is the way I first came to Rydal and Grasmere, and because our dear Coleridge did so.'

It was in the Grasmere vale that Coleridge found his first home and last lakeland sanctuary; Dorothy Wordsworth makes this entry in her journal: 'June 22, 1800. On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge and Hartley came. The day was very warm; we sailed to the foot of Loughrigg. They stayed with us three weeks.' And it was to Wordsworth's 'newly entered house' at Allan Bank in the autumn of 1808 he came 'in better

health and spirits and mental activity'—for he had placed himself under the care and supervision of a physician—to spend his last year and a half of lakeland life.

It is clear that the charm of scenery was still as great upon him as it was when, writing to Godwin in 1800, he speaks of Greta Hall as having such a prospect that if impressions and ideas constitute one's being, he 'should have a tendency to become a god,' for in a letter to Tom Poole from Allan Bank on October 9th, 1809, he says, 'You never beheld, I will answer for it, such combinations of exquisite beauty with sufficient grandeur of elevation, even in Switzerland.'

It seems right, though it is reversing the order of things, to speak of Coleridge's connection with Grasmere first, for it was to the Grasmere vale he returned with his sons that they might be schooled by Parson Dawes of Ambleside, when he came to stay at Allan Bank as writer and publisher of the *Friend*. It was in the Grasmere vale that the son whom the fond father had described in 'Christabel,'

> 'A little child, a limber elf,
> Singing, dancing to itself,
> A fairy thing with red, round cheeks
> That always finds and never seeks,'

grew up to middle age, beloved of all the fellside folk and humble cottagers, and 'Lile' Hartley in becoming a household name, ere his body was carried to its rest in the Grasmere churchyard, has kept the memory of Coleridge fresh upon 'all the circle of the hills.'

If one were asked what spots seem most associated in the Grasmere neighbourhood with S. T. Coleridge, one would say, Dove Cottage *par excellence*. Thither he spent days of almost every week or month in 1800, 1801, and 1802. It was there he discovered the rustic seat in the orchard, for himself and Dorothy. It was there he would come, blind almost from the storm he had faced on his way from Keswick, or bewildered by the moonlight of a tramp across the Fells. There he was on one occasion tenderly nursed back from weakness to strength by the two devoted women of the household. There, too, as after at Allan Bank, did Sara Hutchinson, for whom he entertained such sincere affection, work as his amanuensis; there in the half-kitchen, half-parlour, would he sometimes sit up all night at his essay writing, or talk to an understanding audience—'fit though few'—till the dawn.

The poem that seems specially associated with

Dove Cottage is the little *jeu d'esprit*, an ode to the Rain, but though the poem beginning,

'Friend of the wise and teacher of the good,'

written after hearing Wordsworth recite the 'Prelude,' was born at Coleorton, it would seem to have within it echoes of Dove Cottage evenings with the starlight and the foam of wind-driven waters beneath the moon, which were seen from Dove Cottage in the olden time, when nothing intervened between it and the lake. And there may be a memory of the garden arbour, and the garden spring, and the rosy flicker of the 'half-kitchen and half-parlour fire' at Dove Cottage in a poem written in 1807, entitled 'A Day-dream.' The two beloved women therein commemorated can be none other than the sisters Mary and Sara Hutchinson.

'Sara and Mary Crag,' 'Brother John's Grove,' Easedale Tarn were all beloved of Coleridge, and high up on Nabscar is a caverned recess which he discovered on a day of scramble and ramble, much to the delight of Dorothy and Wordsworth, whose poem of 'The Broom and Eglantine' led them thither.

Dungeon Ghyll must have made strong impression upon the poet, and the prospect over

Windermere from Loughrigg was never forgotten. What bell it was he heard over Windermere, I know not, though there was of old time a loud bell rung to summon the ferryman at Lowground, near Bowness; but in Part II. of 'Christabel' we read of

> 'the warning knell,
> Which not a soul can choose but hear
> From Bratha head to Wyndermere.'

And we hear of ghosts of the three sinful sextons that are pent

> 'In Langdale pike and witches' lair,
> And Dungeon Ghyll so foully rent
> With ropes of rock and bells of air';

I may be wrong, and it is not well to localise a poem too strictly, but I never visit Dungeon Ghyll without calling to mind the lines from 'Christabel':

> 'They stood aloof the scars remaining
> Like cliffs that have been rent asunder.'

On Kirkstone Pass in perilous buffeting of storm, or at Grisedale Tarn in sleet and snow, one meets the ghost of Coleridge on his way from the Penrith printer or from his friend Clarkson's house at Eusemere. But it is upon Helvellyn that one remembers him best; seven years after he had left this countryside, he was back in

thought of the mountain that in his day gave, to all who climbed its crest, a chance of a cup of crystal clear, and wrote the poem entitled, 'The Knight's Tomb':

'Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?
By the side of a spring on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree.'

It was probably of Helvellyn he was thinking when he penned the poem entitled, 'Time Real and Imaginary,' which begins:

'On the wide level of a mountain's head.'

Coleridge never forgot his evening ascent and his descent by moonlight of Helvellyn in August of 1800, when the stones beneath the moss moved under his feet as if the mysterious mountain slope were all alive.

Yet the road that knew Coleridge best in the Lake District was the road from Keswick to Grasmere, and if there was one spot more sacred to his memory till the thirst of Manchester submerged it, it was Sara's Rock or the Rock of Names by Thirlmere's side. There in 1800 and 1801 and 1802, one gathers from Dorothy Wordsworth's journal that few weeks and months elapsed without a meeting of the friends of Greta

Hall and Town End Cottage. Sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in miserable depression did Coleridge turn from Sara's Rock for home. There verses were read, poems planned. There heart spoke to heart, mind lent its light to mind, and there, too, on the unyielding volcanic rock, the friends with patient labour inscribed their initials,

> 'Meek women, men as true and brave
> As ever went to a hopeful grave,'

and gave the rock

> 'a trust to keep
> Long after they were laid asleep.'

One may, as one gazes across Thirlmere, remember that Coleridge cared, as Dorothy Wordsworth also cared, much for the tramp across the Armboth fells to Watendlath; that he often with his friends climbed Great Howe, or picniced by the River Bure, which in those days rustled through the tangled thickets beneath.

But it is of the Keswick neighbourhood we must now speak: of Greta Hall and its great upper room, which became through the kindness of Jackson the Waggoner—'that truly good and affectionate young man and father to my children,

and a friend to me,' as Coleridge calls him—the poet's residence on July 24th, 1800.

The room chiefly associated with Coleridge at Greta Hall was 'the organ room,' as it was called, at the north-western end of the first floor, but till Southey came with his Cottonian library to share the house, Coleridge worked in the large drawing-room. In a letter to Poole in November, 1800, he says, 'The room in which I write commands six distinct landscapes. The two lakes, the vale, the river; and mountains and mists and clouds and sunshine make endless combinations, as if heaven and earth were for ever talking together.' It was in that room that he who caught his power to talk from earth and sky, poured forth his torrents of conversation to Charles Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Samuel Rogers and others of his guests; and it was hither that little Hartley and Stumpy Canary, as Derwent was called, would come hand in hand with Nurse Wilsey or kindly Mr. Jackson, to delight their father with the wisdom of childish philosophies. Very different children they were, these two. Southey said wickedly, 'All Hartley's guts are in his brains, all Derwent's brains are in his guts,' but they were Coleridge's teachers, they and the

little quiet creature Sara, 'with large blue eyes that seemed to bask in a sunshine as mild as moonlight of her own happiness.' 'Next to the Bible, Shakespeare and Milton, they are,' wrote Coleridge to his friend Sotheby, 'the three books from which I have learned the most, and the most important, and with greatest delight.'

The poem that seems associated with the Greta Hall grounds is the 'Keepsake.' It has been a late summer, the tedded hay and corn-sheaves are in one field, fox-gloves and the wild rose have passed, but with unerring observation the poet knows that the woodbine is still in flower, and Emmeline is described as lightly stealing in the cool morning twilight:

> 'Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
> Whose rich flowers swinging in the morning breeze,
> Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
> Making a quiet image of disquiet
> In the smooth scarcely moving river-pool.'

If in 'Thekla's Song' we are transported to Friars' Crag on a stormy night, in the last verse of the 'Snowdrop' we are again by the banks of Greta in the wood below Greta Hall.

In the poem 'Tranquillity,' I seem to see remembrance of walks the poet must often have

taken in the How-rah meadows, and some recollection also of what must have always been a favourite walk with Coleridge, the walk to Calvert's house and the grounds of Windy Brow. It was there that in his first August at Keswick one who became Tranquillity to him,

> 'in the sultry summer heat
> Had built him up a mossy seat.'

In Dorothy Wordsworth's journal of August 8th, 11th, 13th, 1800, occurs this entry: 'Saturday morning I walked with Coleridge in the Windy Brow woods. Monday, walked to Windy Brow. Wednesday, made the Windy Brow seat.'

It is at Greta Hall the poet is standing when in the poem entitled 'Dejection,' he watches the new moon with 'the old moon in her lap.' On the 4th of April, 1802, he wrote that saddest of all his poems which was given to the world by the *Morning Post* on the very day that Wordsworth was so happily married, and who that reads it can fail to think with compassion of the man who had begun to find 'the rift within the lute' of his domestic happiness was stifling his own power of song and putting him out of tune with all the harmony of home? But who also that knows our long lighted April evenings, with their gold

green skies, with their fulness of bird voices, can fail to realise how inevitable was the eye even though it was 'blank'?

> 'O Lady, in this wan and heartless mood,
> To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,
> All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
> Have I been gazing on the western sky
> And its peculiar tint of yellow green;
> And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!'

One regrets that in the poem as it finally appeared Coleridge omitted the lines in which he describes the leafage of the larch:

> 'The larch, that pushes out its tassels green
> In bundled leafits—wooed to mild delights
> By all the tender sounds and gentle sights
> Of this sweet primrose month, and vainly wooed';

for to the observant eye of the dweller at the lakes in the primrose month it is the larch whose fragrant leafage most seems to affect the landscape, and most assures him of the promise of spring.

Coleridge was a lover of the clouds if ever poet was. To him a sky without them was 'like a theatre at noon,' and it was fortunate he pitched his tent on a hill from which on most days and most nights he could watch memorable 'goings on' in the heavens. Take the following as

example. 'The sun'—he writes to his friend Sotheby—'is setting in a glorious rich brassy light; on the top of Skiddaw and one-third adown it, is a huge, enormous mountain of cloud with the outlines of a mountain. This is a starchy grey, but floating past along it and upon it are various patches of sack-like clouds, bags and woolsacks of a shade lighter than the brassy light. . . . Marvellous creatures, how they pass along.'

Few could have better described the play of light and shade, the cloud and sunshine and the colour upon ancient Skiddaw than did this dweller upon Greta Hill in his poem 'A Stranger Minstrel':

> 'Thou ancient Skiddaw, by thy helm of cloud,
> And by thy many-coloured chasms deep,
> And by their shadows that for ever sleep,
> By yon small flaky mists that love to creep
> Along the edges of those spots of light,
> Those sunny islands on thy smooth green height';

and few better knew the loveliness of 'Greta, dear domestic stream,' which in his poem, 'Recollections of Love,' he recalls, as he lies on the honey-scented couch of 'seaward Quantock's heathery hills.'

Skiddaw as a cloud gatherer and cloud compeller must always have added charm to the poet's outlook, who in after years in the Highgate garden wrote :

> ' O, it is pleasant with a heart at ease,
> Just after sunset or by moonlight skies,
> To make the shifting clouds be what you please ' ;

and Skiddaw, with its Protean power of being now a solid mountain wall and now a vaporous, unsubstantial thing of lilac mist or softest filmy lawn, must have been before his eyes as he wrote his ' Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamounix ' which he never saw :

> ' Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain, Thou
> Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud
> To rise before me ! Rise, O ever rise,
> Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth,
> Thou Kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
> Thou dread ambassador from earth to Heaven.'

Coleridge often climbed Skiddaw, and I find myself, whenever I ascend it, turning over the slate stones by the shelter at the summit in search of his name, which he scribbled there in the first August that he came to Keswick.

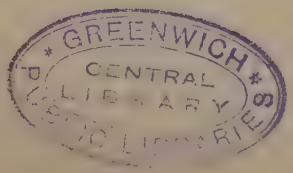
I meet him high on Carrock Fell wrestling with wind and storm, cowering as he cowered on the October day of 1800 in a hollow cairn of rock,

but still 'a worshipper of the power and eternal link of energy' behind the storm. 'The darkness,' so he wrote in his journal, 'vanished as by enchantment. Far off, far off to the south, the mountains of Glaramara and Great Gable and their family appeared distinct in deepest, sablest blue. I rose, and behind me was a rainbow bright as the brightest.'

I watch him crawl on hands and knees along the Razor Edge of Saddleback, or gazing at the three parallel waterfalls on a moonlight night at its base. And I remember how our lake country haunted him when he had left our shores, and how the poet who at Gibraltar must perforce recall the Wastdale Screes, so also, right away at Olevano in Tuscany, must bethink him of the storm and roar of torrents above, in contrast with the quietude of the moonlit vale below, and write the poem which begins:

> 'On stern Blencartha's perilous height,
> The winds are tyrannous and strong.'

Coleridge seems to have cared much for Skiddaw's principal waterfall, 'the Dash.' One of his notes in a notebook dated October 10th, 1800, very accurately and with detail describes the Dash, which, though he thinks it not equal to the



Sour Milk Ghyll or the Harrop Tarn fall, is 'a fine thing.' 'It falls,' says he, 'parallel with a fine black rock thirty feet, and is more shattered, more completely atomised and white than any I have ever seen.' . . . 'The fall of the Dash is in a horse-shoe basin of its own, wildly peopled with small ashes standing out of the rocks. Crossed the beck close by a white pool, and stood on the other side in a complete spray-rain. Here it assumes, I think, a still finer appearance. You see the vast, rugged, wet and angular points and upright cones of the black rock : the fall assumes a variety and complexity, parts rushing in wheels, other parts perpendicular, some in white horse tails, while towards the right edge of the black rock two or three leisurely fillets have escaped out of the turmoil.'

There was in the motion of a waterfall just the sound and the light and life that appealed to Coleridge, and I know few better descriptions of storm, and sunshine on the water in the storm, than is contained in a letter he wrote to his friend Sotheby from Greta Hall under date Tuesday, September 27th, 1802 :

'My dear Sir,—The river is full and Lodore is full, and silver fillets come out of clouds and

glitter in every ravine of all the mountains: and the hail lies like snow upon their tops, and the impetuous gusts from Borrowdale snatch the water up high and continually at the bottom of the lake. It is not distinguishable from snow slanting before the wind—and under this seeming snowdrift the sunshine *gleams*, and over all the nether half of the lake it is *bright* and *dazzles*, a cauldron of melted silver boiling!'

It was his power of feeling in tune with the passionate movement of the elements that gave him such delight in wrestling with the storms and cloud upon the heights. He described in letters both to Southey and to Sotheby, the day he spent, August 3rd, 1802, 'among the clouds, and one of these a frightening thunder cloud,' upon Scafell, and in the notes in his journal made at the time, one realises how perilous an ascent he made to Eskdale, but how full of pleasurable excitement it was to him, even though he knew and felt that death was near him all the way.

He had climbed up from Wastdale, and reached the top in time to watch the brewing and the bursting and the passing of the storm. 'O my God! what enormous mountains there are close beside me, and yet below the hill I stand on.

And here I am "lounded,"—*i.e.* sheltered—so fully "lounded" that, though the wind is strong and the clouds are hastening hither from the sea, and the whole air seaward has a livid look, and we shall certainly have thunder—yet here (but that I am hungered and provisionless), here I could be warm and wait, methinks, for to-morrow's sun, and on a nice stone table am I now at this moment writing to you between two and three o'clock as I guess. Surely the first letter ever written from the top of Scafell!'

He tells us how, after the storm, he shouted the names of his children to obtain the echo, and how afterwards he laughed, and doubtless in memory of Wordsworth's poem, shouted, 'Joanna.' 'It leaves,' said he, 'all the echoes I ever heard, far, far behind, in distinctness and humanness of voice.'

There are other echoes now upon Scafell—echoes of the poet of the luminous cloud and the rushing storm, who on Sunday, August 1st, 1802, left Greta Hall with 'a little paper and half a dozen pens, a German book, and a little tea and sugar, with his night-cap packed up in a natty green oilskin, neatly squared and put into his net knapsack,' and after having seized a besom and

shaken its head on to the floor, trudged off, besom-stick in hand, to make a tour of the lakes, and feel the joy of sun and wind and cloud and storm upon the Cumberland hills.'

I never pass a certain tree—a one-time pollarded oak that still stands between Derwent Lodge and the Moss near Portinscale—without remembering that the poet as he passed it that day noted the tall birch long since decayed, growing out of the centre of that 'huge oak.' I call it Coleridge's tree.

There are in certain lines of Coleridge's ode on 'Dejection' touches of the locality:

> 'Thou wind, that rav'st without,
> Bare crag, or mountain tairn or blasted tree,
> Or pine grove whither wood-men never clomb,
> Or lonely house long held the witches' home,
> Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
> Mad Lutanist, who in this month of showers
> Of dark brown gardens and of peeping flowers
> Mak'st Devil's Yule.'

Anyone who reads these will know assuredly that the poet has been up under Falcon Crag by Cat Ghyll to the larch-peopled height of Walla Crag and the moorland under Lord's Seat, with its lonely farm. One sometimes wonders, as one reads that description of the April flower time,

why he who certainly loved the colour of flowers, and could trace in leaves and flowers 'lessons of love and earnest piety,' often speaks of fox-glove, of wild rose, of heather and of honeysuckle, which are so abundant at the English Lakes, but never, so far as I can remember, describes what is *par excellence* the flower of our English Lake countryside in spring, the daffodil.

How true to nature he was in description of plant and tree life, one can see through all his work, but nowhere better than in the poem entitled 'The Picture,' which, though it has the scent of the Quantock hill furze about it, is a poem that is specially bound up with the Keswick neighbourhood, and is full of the local colouring of a scramble up through the woodland of Shepherd's Crag to the head of Lodore and so to Watendlath. The purple whorts, the dun red bark of the fir-trees, the infrequent slender oak, the pebbly brook, 'that murmurs with a dead yet tinkling sound,' the aspen grove shivering in sunshine, the robin singing on the mountain ash, the wild flowers on the desert streamlet's banks—

'Lychnis and willow-herb and foxglove bells,'

the crowded firs that spire from the shores and stretch across the bed, all this is fair description

of the Watendlath stream at the head of Lodore, and though one can see in the poem memories of the Derwent flowing beneath the Bowder Stone to Grange, remembrances of the Bratha and of Skelwith, the Stock Ghyll and the Easedale streams, we cannot be wrong in believing that it is Watendlath which Coleridge has in mind when he writes:

'And hark, the noise of a near waterfall.
I pass forth into light—I find myself
Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
Of forest trees, the Lady of the woods!),
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract—How bursts
The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale and land-locked as might seem,
With brook and bridge and grey stone cottages,
Half hid by rocks and fruit trees.'

Few were the years he spent among our hills, and for much of that time Coleridge was not in the singer's mood, but how deeply our lakeland scenery touched his heart, and how truly he described the impressions it made, the reader, with the mountain spell upon him, who cares to study his poems, will gratefully acknowledge.

When Coleridge left the Quantock hills for the Cumbrian fells, he changed

> 'Elm-shadowed fields and prospect-bounding sea,'

for our

> 'Sycamores oft musical with bees,'

but his heart changed not, and he who in his 'Fears in Solitude'—written in April, 1798—described the power of scenery upon him thus:

> 'To me who from thy lakes and mountain hills,
> Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
> Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
> All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
> All adoration of the God in Nature,
> All lovely and all honourable things,
> Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
> The joy and greatness of its future being,'

found among our mountains some medicine for his mind, some vision and power that through all the passion and the pathos of his life followed him with gleam and glory to the grave.

III

Charles Dickens in Cumberland

Travellers to Carlisle by the London and North Western Railway, when they leave Penrith, if they look out west, will see, ten miles away, rising over the pleasant fields of what was once the famous forest of Inglewood, the blue mass of Blencathra, Bowscale Fell and Carrock. On a clear day they will see the dark shadow of the entrance to Mosedale that divides Carrock Fell to the north from the more southerly Bowscale. Through that dark shadow they may know that Caldew is flowing from its birthplace in Skiddaw Forest, first eastward, then northward, to pour its waters into the Eden beneath the walls of the old Border city of Carlisle. They may remember that both Mosedale and Carrock have been sung of by Wordsworth, who, in his poem,

'The Feast of Brougham Castle,' speaks of the young Lord Clifford as bounding

> 'with joy
> On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy;'

and tells how later he, the boy,

> 'must part from Mosedale's groves,
> And leave Blencathra's rugged coves.'

But he will have forgotten, perhaps, that twice in last century the northern summit of part of the blue mountain wall, Carrock, which rises to a height of 2174 feet above the sea level, was honoured by distinguished literary guests and with great ill-humour gave them a very stormy welcome. The first of these distinguished visitors was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who climbed it in October, 1800.

The second visit to Carrock summit was paid in the autumn of the year 1857 by 'Two Idle Apprentices,' one of them Charles Dickens, and the other Wilkie Collins.

'I have arranged with Collins,' he writes to his friend, Forster, at the end of August, 'that he and I will start next month on a ten or twelve days' expedition to out-of-the-way places, to do (in inns and coast-corners) a little tour in search of an article, and in avoidance of railroads....

Our decision is for a foray upon the fells of Cumberland; I have discovered in the books some promising moors and bleak places thereabout.'

Looking over a book called *Beauties of England and Wales*, before he left London, his imagination was fired by mention of Carrock Fell, which was spoken of as 'a gloomy old mountain 1500 feet high,' and this he secretly resolved to go up.

To get to Carrock Fell, Mr. Francis Goodchild, as Dickens called himself, and Mr. Thomas Idle, as Wilkie Collins was named, must needs go to Carlisle, and so through a land of harvest behind an express engine that 'smelt like a large washing day,' that swallowed up station after station without stopping, and sometimes fired itself into stations, where it stopped, like a volley of cannon balls, and fired itself off again, bang, bang, bang! Past semaphores, waving 'wooden razors set aloft on great posts that shaved the air,' by pleasant meadows and black canals, they came to Cumberland, where the temperature changed, and the dialect changed, and the people changed, where 'faces got sharper, manners got shorter, eyes got shrewder and harder';—I think this is a libel upon our open-faced north countrymen—

until, 'before the spruce guard in the London uniform and silver lace had had time to rumple his shirt collar or deliver half the despatches in his shiny pouch, or read his newspaper, Carlisle was here.'

They must have reached Carlisle on Monday evening, and Carlisle suited them, for they were 'idle apprentices' on a lazy tour, and the city looked 'congenially and delightfully idle.' The city of the Red King was less than half its present size, and certainly was not supplied with theatrical or palace variety entertainments, as it is now. 'Something in the way of public amusement had happened last month, and something else was going to happen before Christmas.'

Dean Close was a star of no mean magnitude in the evangelical firmament of the north at that time, and Spurgeon was becoming a prominent preacher, and we are not surprised that the 'portrait of the reverend Mr. Podgers and Mr. Spurgeon (artist's proofs thirty shillings),' were in evidence in the stationer's window, that in any important shop which Dickens entered, he could find an opportunity of putting something into the missionary box, or that on market day he found a Bible stall in the market-place.

And now let me say from internal evidence and from a letter still preserved to us, written from Carlisle on the following Friday, September 11th, two things are quite clear, one, that Dickens was wrong in his date as to excursion to Carrock, which was Tuesday, the 8th and not the 9th of September, the other, that he revisited Carlisle at the end of the week, and made his notes about market ways at Carlisle, on the morning of Saturday, before he departed by the midday train for Lancaster and the South.

We are not surprised either, that 'the idle apprentices' found the recruiting sergeant busy in the market-place, for we were in the midst of the Indian Mutiny; the storming of Delhi took place within a week from that day, and two days later Outram joined Havelock at Cawnpore.

But Carlisle is not changed much in one particular. Still, after work, the population turns out into the main street, and the working young men of Carlisle may still be seen, as Dickens saw them, with their hands in their pockets, four and six abreast across the pavement, while the working and growing young women of Carlisle, from the age of twelve upwards, still promenade the streets in the cool of the evening, and are rallied

by the said young men. But the said young men have mended their manners in the past half century and they do not now show their tenderness to the young woman of their hearts or hint to her that they are there, by playfully giving her a kick with their wooden clogs.

But Carlisle is much altered in one particular. There is no corn market now down the main street, with hum of chaffering over open sacks, and the picturesque shock-headed Rob Roys, hiding their Lowland dress beneath heavy plaids, do not prowl in and out between the animals and flavour the air with fumes of whiskey. If Dickens came to life again, he would not find between the market cross and the old-fashioned Town Hall, which I am rather astonished he did not note, people selling their heather brooms, and women trying on clogs and sun-bonnets at open stalls. The day of the plaids he saw has passed: the heather baskets, primitive and fresh to behold, which he mentions, were surely the green swills—willow-woven—which may still be bought in merry Carlisle's market.

The next morning, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, Messrs. Idle and Goodchild drove away from Carlisle, which was 'disgracefully and re-

proachfully busy,' to the quaint village of Hesket Newmarket, fourteen miles to the south. Admirably Dickens describes the journey as he came by Welton, across the Caldew valley, through Sebergham with its picturesque old coaching inn, the King's Arms, with horsing stone still in evidence, and its magnificent pair of clipped yew trees in front of it, either side the door in the garden court. So over the moor of Warnell Fell they went, and down the steep road to Caldbeck, with its memory of St. Kentigern in the sixth century, and its later memory of that famous hunter, John Peel of the nineteenth century. If Dickens had been a sportsman, he would surely have turned aside here to visit the grave where the famous man of 'the horn and cwoat sea grey,' had been laid to rest only three years before.

Thence they would pass over the Caldew and away by Townhead to Hesket Newmarket, a mile and a half beyond.

Hesket Newmarket is unchanged from the day Dickens saw it. It could not be better described in a few words than as he described it. 'Coarse-stoned, rough-windowed houses; some with outer staircases, like Swiss houses; a sinuous

and stony gutter winding up hill and round the corner, by way of street.'

And yet, just as Dickens failed to note either castle or cathedral, town hall or market cross at Carlisle, so he fails to note here the feature of the village, which was a little open market-shed on four substantial stone pillars, which tells us of the time, long years ago, when Hesket had a flourishing horse and cattle sale, a fortnightly market, from the first Friday in May until Whitsuntide, and two annual fairs in the year—one in August and the other in September, with much sale of wool, which went to the making of blankets at Caldbeck.

Just to the west of this old market-shed stood the comfortable inn, then the Queen's Head, now a dwelling place, with an open door and five windows looking over its little garden enclosure, giving friendly invitation to all and sundry. The inn was kept in those days by Joseph Porter. There are old people who still remember that mine host was, as Dickens described him, a good-natured, burly man, who must have been as little in condition to climb the fells as the 'two idle apprentices,' and if they had not been Cockney born they would never have ventured, in such

pouring rain as welcomed them to Hesket, to attempt to climb Carrock Fell, either from Haltcliff, the Stone Ends or Stonehenge of to-day, or from the farmhouse high up Mosedale, called Swinside.

I am not astonished that on such a day the village shoemaker declined to have anything to do with Carrock, and that the innkeeper himself had first begged off, and suggested that one of his men working in the fields should go up Carrock as guide. He, Joseph Porter, with 'ruddy cheek, a bright eye, a well-knit frame, an immense hand, a cheery out-speaking voice, and a straight, bright, broad look,' courteously did the honours to his adventurous guests; showed them into his best room upstairs, with its outlook at the back of the house on pleasant pastures, and its white-washed ceiling, as anyone may see to-day, crossed and recrossed, as Dickens describes it, 'by beams of unequal lengths radiating from a centre in a corner, and looking like a broken starfish.'

Dickens gives a delightful account of the furnishing of that room, noticing everything, from the waxen babies with mutilated limbs appealing on one leg to parental affection from under little

cupping glasses, to the footstool embroidered in high relief of white and liver coloured wool, with counterpart of a spaniel coiled up on it for repose, so flat as to suggest that the host himself had been by mistake sitting down upon it.

It is interesting to note how at once 'the idle apprentices' looked out for the books, and it does credit to the literary taste of Joseph Porter to find that Fielding, and Smollett, and Steele, and Addison were there 'in dispersed volumes.'

The guests fell to work on the excellent oat-cake of the country, little knowing, perhaps, that 'the haver bread' they partook of and washed down with whiskey and water, was descended from far-off times, the times when the Norsemen who over-ran the country, brought their 'flat-bröde' with them.

Meanwhile, Porter got his dog-cart ready, and probably finding that his men were unwilling to climb Carrock on such a day, volunteered his services and drove off the four miles' drive to the ascent of Carrock. I believe that he took them to Stone Ends.

The rain was falling down, and Mr. Idle already wet through, 'with nothing but a packet of clammy gingerbread nuts in his pocket by way

of refreshment'; with nobody to give him an arm, and nobody to push him gently behind, and nobody to pull him tenderly in front, and nobody to speak to who really felt the difficulties of the ascent, the dampness of the rain, the denseness of the mist, and the unutterable folly of climbing undriven, up any steep place in the world, when there is level ground within reach to walk on instead,' was much out of spirits.

On the other hand, Mr. Francis Goodchild was by contrast provokingly cheerful, and we can see them starting for the top of Carrock, which they never reached, in this order—the honest landlord first, the beaming Goodchild next, the mournful Idle bringing up the rear. Dickens gives an admirable account of the ascent, whether from Haltcliff farmhouse or from Swinside in Mosedale, for from either place, after a short bit of easy going over very spongy turf, the slope steepens, and the very rough 'trod' or footpath, littered with slaty rocks of all sorts and of all shapes and sizes, 'bruisers of tender toes and trippers-up of wavering feet,' leads the wanderer through a waste of rocky fellside slope up to the 'heather and slough' that follows.

How well, as we look down through that

pouring rain and mist, we can see the picture Dickens and Wilkie Collins saw! 'The moorland and fields like a feeble water-colour drawing half sponged out.' 'The mist,' he writes, 'was darkening, the rain was thickening, the trees were dotted about like spots of faint shadow, the division-lines which mapped out the fields were all getting blurred together, and the lonely farmhouse, where the dog-cart had been left, loomed spectral in the grey light, like the last human dwelling at the end of the habitable world. Was this a sight worth climbing to see? Surely —surely not!'

How well too he describes the sorrows of a really wet-through man! Poor Mr. Idle getting further and further in the rear, with the water squeaking in the toes of his boots, his overcoat so full of rain that it stands out pyramidically stiff from his shoulders and turns him into a kind of walking gigantic extinguisher. Then the disappointment, as up they go till they reach the ridge and think it the summit, and find that Carrock, 'a trumpery little mountain of 1500 feet only,' has the 'aggravating peculiarity of all mountains, that although they have only one top when seen from below, they turn out to have a

perfect eruption of false tops as the traveller ascends.' We can feel their spirits failing as on entering the thick mist, the landlord stops and expresses the hope that it will not get any thicker, as it is twenty years since he was up the fell, and the party may be lost on the mountain.

But off go Goodchild and Joe Porter together, appearing to 'the dim eye of Idle far below through the exaggerative mist, like a pair of friendly giants.' Then a strip of level ground is reached and they ascend again. The wind blows keen and strong, the rain-mist gets impenetrable; —a dreary little cairn of stones appears. 'The landlord adds one to the heap' (as all fellside shepherds do), 'first walking round the cairn as if he were about to perform an incantation, then dropping the stone on the top of the heap with a gesture of a magician adding an ingredient to a cauldron in full bubble. Goodchild sits down by the cairn as if it was his study-table at home; Idle, drenched and panting, stands up with his back to the wind, ascertains distinctly that this is the top at last, looks round with all the little curiosity that is left in him, and gets, in return, a magnificent view of—Nothing!'

At last they had, as they thought, accomplished

the ascent. The silence of the landlord on that point was a mercy, for Joe Porter must have known quite well that the cairn where they rested before they returned was not the top, and that the most interesting thing on the summit of Carrock is the vast enclosure 250 feet by 220 feet in extent, wherein are still to be seen the circles of hut dwellings, which lies sixty yards to the westward of that cairn, and that the highest point of the fell is about ten yards from the west end of the old fortified village enclosure.

The account of the descent may be given in the words of the letter written by Dickens to Forster : ' Descent commenced. C. D. with compass triumphant, until compass, with the heat and wet of C. D.'s pocket, breaks. Mr. P. (who never had a compass), inconsolable, confesses he has not been on Carrock Fell for twenty years, and he don't know the way down. Darker and darker. Nobody discernible, two yards off, by the other two. Mr. P. makes suggestions, but no way. It becomes clear to C. D. and to C. that Mr. P. is going round and round the mountain, and never coming down. Mr. P. sits on angular granite, and says he is ' just fairly doon.' C. D. revives Mr. P. with laughter, the only

restorative in the company. Mr. P. again complimentary. Descent tried once more. Mr. P. worse and worse. Council of war. Proposals from C. D. to go "slap down." Seconded by C. Mr. P. objects, on account of precipice called The Black Arches, and terror of the countryside. More wandering. Mr. P. terror-stricken, but game. Watercourse, thundering and roaring, reached. C. D. suggests that it must run to the river, and had best be followed, subject to all gymnastic hazards. Mr. P. opposes, but gives in. Watercourse followed accordingly. Leaps, splashes and tumbles, for two hours. C. lost, C. D. whoops. Cries for assistance from behind. C. D. returns. C. with horribly sprained ankle, lying in rivulet!'

Dickens's description of going down the mountain walking like crabs, sideways, as though they were on the roof of a barn, and all the disappointment of the party to find that the certain point that Joe Porter intended to steer by was never to be found—his account of the hope with which they clung to the compass in the canopy of mist, 'much thicker than a London fog,' pales before the tragedy of the breaking of the compass, which Mr. Goodchild, taking tenderly

from his pocket, was preparing to adjust on a stone. 'Something falls on the turf, it is the glass. Something else drops immediately after —it is the needle. The compass is broken and the exploring party is lost! It is the practice,' adds Dickens, 'of the English portion of the human race to receive all great disasters in dead silence. Mr. Goodchild restored the useless compass to his pocket without saying a word.'

But this tragedy is eclipsed by another tragedy, the spraining of the ankle of Mr. Thomas Idle. They had got more than half way down into what they fondly believed was the Mosedale valley, with the constant fear upon them that they would fall to their death at the Black Arks, as we call it to-day, where a stream crossed their path. Mr. Idle, who was behind, adjured to quicken up, hurried across the stream, 'his foot slipped on a wet stone, his weak ankle gave a twist outwards, a hot, rending, tearing pain ran through it at the same moment, and down fell the idlest of the "Two Idle Apprentices," crippled in an instant.' The party hobbled on till they found a faint cart track and then a stream that, by its colour, looked as if it came from the mines, and

here the north country publican awoke to the fact, that he had probably come down the wrong side of the mountain into Mosedale, and with true fellside shepherd's instinct, made a dash at a sheep that was feeding near, to see if he could make out its 'lug' mark or its 'smit' mark, for then he would know his whereabouts, but he failed of his intent.

The mist suddenly lifted, and a tree was seen in the valley, then a cottage, then a house beyond the cottage, and the familiar line of road, by which they had driven in the morning, rising behind it. They had started up one side of the fell: they had come down the other, as people often do in a Cumberland mist. There was nothing for it but to prop up Wilkie Collins against a stone wall, now looking for all the world like an artist's lay figure packed for dispatch, and send Mr. Porter to the other side of Carrock for the dog-cart to get back to the inn and change their sodden clothes.

It must have been about three o'clock in the afternoon that they got back to the Queen's Head. The foot 'was bundled up in a flannel waistcoat.' Collins 'was carried about melodramatically everywhere; into and out of

carriages; up and down stairs, to bed, every step.' They did not stay at Hesket Newmarket that night, chiefly, as I think, because there was no doctor nearer than Wigton, eleven miles away, and for Wigton they determined to start.

So taking conveyance, which had a flat roof and no sides, and shot the plumps of rain that had accumulated on the roof into the interior all the way, they jogged through sheets of rain the eleven long miles, up hill and down hill to Wigton. They noted how the people that they passed, 'enjoyed the rain as if it were sunshine'; 'how clerks and schoolmasters in black, loitered along the road without umbrellas, getting varnished at every step; how the Cumberland girls, coming out to look after the Cumberland cows, shook the rain from their eyelashes and laughed it away; and how the rain continued to fall upon all, as it only does fall in hill countries.'

Wigton market, which is still held on Tuesdays, was over, but the bare booths were smoking with rain all down the street, when they pulled up at the inn, one of twenty-five inns then in Wigton, the King's Arms, and put themselves under the care of good Mrs. Tordiff, the innkeeper's wife.

Wigton is changed very little from that day. It is true that the pump, with a trivet underneath its spout whereon to stand the vessels filled with water, has been removed to make way for the granite fountain, with its four lamps and four bronze plaques, its gilded stone pyramid and cross, erected by the late George Moore in memory of his wife. It is probable there was some heart-burning at Wigton when that old pump, which Dickens saw, was removed, for tradition had it that that pump was the boss of the world, and that he who walked thrice round it, had gained all knowledge that was to be got. It stands high and dry in the grounds adjacent to Highmoor Hall, and I believe steps are being taken to reinstate it in the town, in order that knowledge may increase, even if markets dwindle. For Wigton is no longer the centre, as it was in Dickens's time, of a very important gingham and check trade; nails are no longer made there, though still men brew beer and tan leather as they did in the year 1857, and the population, which then numbered about 4500, probably has not changed much in numbers one way or the other.

You remember how, when Thomas Idle, a

prisoner on his couch, adjured Francis Goodchild to tell him what he saw from the window.

'Brother Francis, brother Francis,' he cried, 'what do you see from the turret?'

'I see,' said Brother Francis, 'what I hope and believe to be one of the most dismal places ever seen by eyes. I see the houses with their roofs of dull black, their stained fronts, and their dark-rimmed windows, looking as if they were all in mourning. As every little puff of wind comes down the street, I see a perfect train of rain let off along the wooden stalls in the market-place and exploded against me. I see a very big gas lamp in the centre which I know, by a secret instinct, will not be lighted to-night. I see a pump, with a trivet underneath its spout whereon to stand the vessels that are brought to be filled with water. I see a man come to pump, and he pumps very hard, but no water follows, and he strolls empty away.'

'Brother Francis, brother Francis,' cries Thomas Idle, 'what do you see from the turret, beside the man and the pump, and the trivet and the houses all in mourning, and the rain?'

'I see,' says Brother Francis, 'one, two, three, four, five linen-drapers' shops in front of

THE OLD PUMP AND LAMP AT WIGTON AS DICKENS SAW THEM

me. I see a linen-draper's shop next door to the right—and there are five more linen-drapers' shops down the corner to the left. Eleven homicidal linen-drapers' shops within a short stone's throw, each with its hands at the throats of all the rest! Over the small first-floor of one of these linen-drapers' shops appears the wonderful inscription, BANK.'

'What more do you see from the turret,' cries Thomas Idle.

'I see,' says Brother Francis, 'the depository for Christian Knowledge, and through the dark vapour I think I again make out Mr. Spurgeon looming heavily . . . and I see a watchmaker's with only three great pale watches of a dull metal hanging in his window, each in a separate pane.'

There still lives at Wigton a stationer, Mr. McMechan, now in his eighty-seventh year, the establisher of the *Wigton Advertiser*, and its editor since 1857, who remembers quite well the momentous visit of Dickens and Wilkie Collins, for reasons which will hereafter appear. He tells me, that, as a matter of fact, there were seven linen-drapers within reach of the King's Arms: John Burna, Joseph Taylor, Hope & Reay, John Mattinson, Joseph Messenger, John Pattinson,

and Samuel Rigg & Sons, and that in other parts of the town there were three others, whose shops Dickens may have noticed on the following day.

He also tells me that he can remember quite well the picture of Spurgeon in a window opposite the King's Arms, and that when this chapter on Wigton appeared in *Household Words* it sadly troubled the watchmaker, whose little shop was just across the way, who indignantly protested that the watches that hung in his window were not pinchbeck metal but solid silver. The owner of the depository for Christian Knowledge was also much annoyed to think that he should be charged with selling the *Illustrated London News* of several years ago.

I have spoken with a grand-daughter of the Riggs' who kept 'the Bank' that is mentioned as inscribed over the first-floor of one of the linen-draper's shops. Dickens was wrong in speaking of it as a linen-draper's shop, for it was a shop in which tea and groceries were sold.

With exquisite humour to the next question proposed by Thomas Idle to Brother Francis for more news as to what he saw from the turret, he said, 'Now I see two men (we know the name of one of these was Robbie Forster) with their

hands in their pockets and their backs towards me . . . mysterious men with inscrutable backs. Their appearance is partly of a mining, partly of a ploughing, partly of a stable character. They are looking at nothing—very hard. They stand to be rained upon, without any movement of impatience or dissatisfaction. . . . They spit at times, but speak not. I see it growing darker and darker, and still I see them, sole visible population of the place, standing to be rained upon, with their backs towards me, and looking at nothing—very hard. . . . Ah! Now, they turn, and I see——'

'Brother Francis, brother Francis,' cried Thomas Idle, 'tell me quickly what you see of the two men of Wigton!'

'I see,' said Francis Goodchild, 'that they have no expression at all. And now the town goes to sleep undazzled by the large unlit lamp in the market-place; and let no man wake it.'

The little town soon got wind of the advent of the 'Two Idle Apprentices,' and Mr. McMechan tells me that he and some friends, who were just about to start in a dog-cart for Carlisle, to attend a lecture or entertainment there, determined to forego the expedition, and calling an informal

meeting, drew up a courteous address to the distinguished men of letters to beg to be allowed an interview. Mr. McMechan, as secretary, had to write the address and to wait upon the travellers. He waited with some agitation below stairs while Harriet Harrison, Mrs. Tordiff's sister, went up with it. But the deputation was doomed to disappointment. Dickens wrote a very courteous reply, that owing to the accident to Mr. Collins they could not receive them.

That evening, before 'the Idle Apprentices' went to sleep, Dr. Tom Speake had been called in to prescribe for the sprained ankle. I think it not improbable that he was the original of the Dr. Speddie who is called in at the next imaginary town to which the patient is moved. The Wigton medico was as Dr. Speddie is described, tall and thin, and his face and expression, so Mr. McMechan assures me, as well as his address and style, a trifle careless, are well described by Mr. Wilkie Collins in his account of Dr. Speddie. He was not past seventy, and very grey. He was a young bachelor and died unmarried, fifty years ago, four years after Dickens's visit to Wigton, aged twenty-eight.

Ere they retired for the night, Harriet Harri-

son, the waiting maid, again appeared upon the scene, described as ' a queer little woman,' who brought Wilkie Collins one of the common child's night lights, and seeming to think he looked at it with interest, said, ' It's joost a vara keeyourious thing, sir, and joost new coom oop. It'll burn awt (eight) hoors a' end, and no goother, nor no waste, nor ony sike a thing, if ye can creedit what I say, seein' the airticle.'

It is very interesting to observe that though he cannot spell the local dialect, Dickens, in his few short days, had got hold correctly of some of its peculiarities. Readers of the *Tour* who know the Cumberland dialect, will notice that when describing Harriet Harrison's talk, he mixes it up with the Scotch method of speech. But this is only an example of his accuracy of ear. It is quite certain that Harriet never would have said at the end of her talk about the night light, ' if ye can creedit what I say, seein' the airticle,' if she were a true Cumbrian. She was probably a Scottish body, and spoke half Scottish and half Cumbrian dialect. I am assured by Mr. McMechan that he distinctly remembers the peculiar way in which she talked, and Dickens described it to the life.

We know now that the 'Two Idle Apprentices' left for Allonby on the very next day, Wednesday the 9th, and it is therefore pretty certain that the account of their visit to Ireby, their interview with Dr. Speddie, his extraordinary story of his assistant's experiences in the bedroom of the 'Two Robins' public house, which Wilkie Collins wrote, and which seems to be an interlude between their stay at Wigton and their sojourn at Allonby, is purely imaginary. But they may have seen Ireby with its approach by quaint rough up and down roads, its manor house, its moot hall, and its village cross, as they drove through the rain from Hesket Newmarket to Wigton.

'There are reasons,' says Dickens, 'which will presently explain themselves for not indicating the exact direction in which that journey lay, or the place in which it ended.' The best reason was that the journey was never taken after all. But the glimpse they got of Ireby, as they passed through it, enabled them to describe it as 'a little town still in Cumberland—a very little town, with the purple and brown moor close upon its one street; a curious little ancient market cross set up in the midst

of it; and the town itself looking much as if it were a collection of great stones piled on end by the Druids long ago, which a few recluse people had since hollowed out for habitations.'

And the excellent talk, put into the mouth of the imaginary hostess of the Ireby inn, is really the answer given by Mrs. Tordiff to Dickens, when, having 'landed up,' as we say colloquially, at the King's Arms at Wigton on Tuesday night, Mrs. Tordiff, in answer to the question, whether there was a good doctor in the town, answered, 'Ey! I ca' him so. A' cooms efther nae doctor that I ken.'

The next day, Wednesday, on the morning of their arrival at Wigton, while Wilkie Collins lay upon his three chairs in the King's Arms, Dickens strolled about the town to get copy for *The Tour of the Idle Apprentices*, and then it was that my informant watched him with great interest looking in at the stationer's window, when nothing but his native good manners prevented him, for he was an ardent lover of Dickens, from going up to him and begging to be allowed to shake hands with him; but he remembers the impression Dickens made upon him. He speaks of it as a realisation of just what a constant reader of

Dickens would imagine the writer to have been. 'An alert, active figure, with large luminous bright eyes that shone as the eyes of Burns are said to have shone.'

Referring to the county map, Mr. Goodchild had discovered 'that the most delicious piece of sea-coast to be found within the limits of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, all summed up together, was Allonby, on the coast of Cumberland.' 'Moreover,' said Mr. Goodchild, with his finger on the map, 'this exquisite retreat was approached by a coach road from a railway station called Aspatria—a name, in a manner, suggestive of the departed glories of Greece, associated with one of the most engaging and most famous of Greek women.'

Dickens did not know that this Aspatria had nothing to do with Greece, but had to do with a certain Gospatrick, a Norman baron in the days when it was wisdom for the crown to give a sort of no man's land of the north into some great man's hand to keep; and Dickens did not, though his ear must have been finely tuned to catching inflections of dialect, get hold of the right pronunciation of Aspatria as Cumbrians pronounce

it to-day. His enthusiasm for the Greek name of the railway town, from which they would drive to Allonby, was much cooled by his discovering, so he tells us, that the honest English pronunciation of that county shortened Aspatria into 'Spatter.' As a matter of fact, it shortened it into 'Speatry.'

There is a delightfully humorous account of the journey to Allonby, which, I believe, they reached on Wednesday evening, September 9th.

'Do you see Allonby?' asked Thomas Idle.

'I don't see it yet,' said Francis, looking out of the window.

'It must be there,' said Thomas Idle.

'I don't see it,' returned Francis.

'It must be there,' repeated Thomas Idle, fretfully.

'Lord bless me!' exclaimed Francis, drawing in his head, 'I suppose this is it!'

'A watering-place,' retorted Thomas Idle, with the pardonable sharpness of an invalid, 'can't be five gentlemen in straw hats, on a form on one side of the door, and four ladies in hats and falls, on a form on another side of a door, and three geese in a dirty little brook before them, and a boy's legs hanging over a bridge (with a

boy's body I suppose on the other side of the parapet); and a donkey running away. What are you talking about?'

'Allonby, gentlemen,' said the most comfortable of landladies, as she opened one door of the carriage; 'Allonby, gentlemen; said the most attentive of landlords, as he opened the other.

They had pulled up at the most fashionable of the seven inns at Allonby, which at that time was the popular watering-place of the élite of Cumberland, and Mrs. Partridge of the Ship Inn, whose waist had much increased since the day when Dickens had met her years ago at Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, when he went there before writing 'Nickleby,' showed them the way up the bulk-head stairway, which still exists, to the bulk-head sitting-room, which may still be seen, and to little bedrooms in which they could just stand upright, and gave them careful attention.

Allonby of Dickens's time is Allonby of to-day. It is true that the little reading-room that he saw, a sort of long, ruinous brick loft, with a ladder outside it to get up by, and with the weaver's shuttle throbbing under the reading-room, has been superseded by a solid stone structure with a tower of sorts. But still the brook, spanned

now by five instead of two bridges, passes between the buildings and the rough common pasture that lies between the houses and the sea. Still fishing boats may be seen there with no rigging, and fishermen may still get their living apparently by looking at the ocean and finding the nourishment they look for, to support their strength, in the iodine or ozone of the air. The place is still full of children, who are always upside down on the public buildings—that is, the bridges over the brook—and always hurting themselves or one another. Camp stools and children's barrows may still be bought at the village shop, and the donkey that has given up running away has been joined by other donkeys, who seem to enjoy life without the stone showers with which Dickens saw the poor donkey—the public excitement of Allonby, who was probably supported at the public expense—pelted, when he got into the brook.

Still there are fine sunsets at Allonby, 'when the low, flat beach, with its pools of water and its dry patches change into long bars of silver and gold in various states of burnishing.' Still 'there is the sea, and here are the shrimps,' and we can eat them.

Yes, Allonby is changed very little. Dickens's letters presented it as 'a small untidy outlandish place; rough stone houses in half mourning, a few coarse yellow-stone lodging houses with black roofs (bills in all the windows), five bathing machines, five girls in straw hats, five men in straw hats (wishing they had not come); very much what Broadstairs would have been if it had been born Irish, and had not inherited a cliff.'

But Allonby makes up for its outlandishness by its marvellous sea air, and the really generous and kindly welcome given by hotel keeper and lodging keeper alike, to all who go for quiet and health, and going, find it there. The visitor might still write of 'The Ship' as Dickens wrote of it, 'This is a capital little homely inn, looking out upon the sea; with the coast of Scotland, mountainous and romantic, over against the windows; and though I can just stand upright in my bedroom, we are really well lodged. It is a clean nice place in a rough wild country, and we have a very obliging and comfortable landlady.'

How true to detail Dickens was in his descriptive sketches may be inferred from this fact, that

my informant, Mr. McMechan, tells me that he chanced to go to Allonby on the very day Dickens and Wilkie Collins got there, and he noticed the five straw hats on one side of the door, and the five straw hats and falls on the other. The party was a party of Wyberghs and Lawsons, and a story is still current, how one of the young gentlemen, anxious to hear and see the new-come lions, volunteered to act as waiter on the first night of their arrival, but was ignominiously found out when he entered the lions' den, and had to beat a hasty retreat.

But Allonby did not detain the travellers long. There was a muddle with the letters, and to Maryport did Dickens have to go on postman errand. Both 'Idle Apprentices' were getting restless, and neither of them liked to say so. But the donkey took to his heels one day, and they took it for a sign and determined to bolt also.

'How do you propose that we get through this present afternoon and evening?' demanded Thomas Idle.

Mr. Goodchild faltered, looked out of the window, looked in again, and said, as he had so often said before, 'There is the sea, and here are the shrimps;—let us eat 'em!'

But 'the wise donkey was at that moment in the act of bolting; not with the irresolution of his previous efforts, which had been wanting in sustained force of character, but with real vigour of purpose; shaking the dust off his mane and hind feet at Allonby, and tearing away from it, as if he had nobly made up his mind that he never would be taken alive. At sight of this inspiring spectacle, which was visible from his sofa, Thomas Idle stretched his neck and dwelt upon it rapturously.

"Francis Goodchild," he then said, turning to his companion with a solemn air, "this is a delightful little inn, excellently kept by the most comfortable of landladies and most attentive of landlords, but—the donkey's right!"

The words, "There is the sea, and here are the——" again trembled on the lips of Goodchild, unaccompanied however by any sound.

"Let us instantly pack the portmanteaus," said Thomas Idle, "pay the bill, and order a fly out, with instructions to the driver to follow the donkey!"'

Mr. Goodchild, who had only wanted encouragement to disclose the real state of his feelings, and who had been pining beneath his weary

secret, now burst into tears, and confessed that he thought another day in the place would be the death of him.

So the two 'Idle Apprentices' followed the donkey until the night was far advanced. Whether he was recaptured by the town-council, or 'was bolting at this hour through the United Kingdom,' they knew not. They hoped he might be still bolting; if so, their best wishes were with him.

It entered Mr. Idle's head, on the borders of Cumberland, that there could be no idler place to stay at, except by snatches of a few minutes each, than a railway station. 'An intermediate station on a line—a junction—anything of that sort,' Thomas suggested. Mr. Goodchild approved of the idea as eccentric, and they journeyed on and on, until they came to such a station where there was an inn.

That inn was the County Hotel at Carlisle. 'Here,' said Thomas, 'we may be luxuriously lazy; other people will travel for us, as it were, and we shall laugh at their folly.'

They reckoned without their host. A signalman in an elevated signal box was constantly going through the motions of drawing immense

quantities of beer at a public-house bar, and a bell was constantly ringing. Then came a sudden collapse of life. No bell, no beer, and the station relapsed into stupor. Things have altered very much since Dickens's day. A junction for seven railway lines, with its enormous traffic, gives little opportunity to the Carlisle Citadel Station to become even momentarily unconscious. The station was either totally unconscious or wildly raving, and on the fourth day a sense of hurry, imparted to them by the station when it raved, was too much for Thomas Idle, and he struck. 'This place fills me with a dreadful sensation,' said Thomas, 'of having something to do. Remove me, Francis.'

As a matter of fact, 'the apprentices' stayed only one night at the County Hotel. The letter is still extant which Dickens wrote to Mr. Sly, landlord of the good old inn at Lancaster, 'where they gave the guests bridecake every day after dinner, and where the guests could eat bridecake without the trouble of being married.' It bears the date, September 11th, 1857, and I append the text:

'Mr. Charles Dickens sends his compliments to the master of the King's Arms at Lancaster,

and begs to say that he wishes to bespeak for to-morrow, Saturday afternoon and night, a private sitting-room, two bedrooms, and also a comfortable dinner for two persons at half-past five. Mr. Dickens will be accompanied by his friend Mr. Wilkie Collins, and as Mr. Collins has unfortunately sprained his leg, it will be of great convenience to him if his bedroom is as near the sitting-room as possible. For the same reason Mr. Dickens will be glad to find a fly awaiting them at the station. They purpose leaving here by the midday train at 12.38.'

They kept to their purpose. Dickens spent his morning making notes on Carlisle market ways and doings, and passed away in the afternoon from Cumberland for ever.

IV

Charles Dickens's Connexion with the Lake District

The connexion of Dickens with Westmoreland, though it is a slight one, centres round two inhabitants of the Lake District, one a man, the other a bird. Those who have visited the Grasmere church and churchyard will have noticed, in the former, a fine medallion profile of the beautiful Mrs. Fletcher of Lancrigg, and visitors who have entered the churchyard and gazed upon the resting-place of Wordsworth's daughter, Dora Quillinan, will remember the little grey-white headstone with its border of ivy leaves, and the lamb couchant, with the cross on its shoulders beneath the ivy at the topmost part of the touching memorial. They are both the work of a sculptor of genius, too erratic to have left much behind him, a certain Angus Fletcher,

whose mother dwelt for many years at Lancrigg, and was Wordsworth's biographer and his firmest friend.

This Angus Fletcher was the youngest child of the happy marriage of Elizabeth Dawson of Oxton near Tadcaster in Yorkshire, with Archibald Fletcher, 'a Scotch Whig reforming barrister of Edinburgh.' She was a friend of Mrs. Barbauld, Joanna Baillie, Mazzini, Allan Cunningham, Lord Brougham, and others. Her beauty as well as her wit had won for her, as Crabbe Robinson tells us, 'great renown in Scotland,' and when she came to the Lake Country as a widow in 1841, she became a centre for the social and literary life of the neighbourhood. Her *Autobiography* can never cease to interest those who care for the history of the Lake School of poets. She was herself a poetess at heart, as the few published verses testify, and that her beauty was as fadeless as her charity, mental power, and enthusiasm, is testified to in the sonnet addressed to her on the seventy-fifth anniversary of her birthday, by Robert Percival Graves. When she passed away in her sleep on the 5th February, 1858, at the age of eighty-eight, she left behind her, as a fit successor at Lancrigg, her youngest

daughter, the beautiful Lady Richardson, to carry on the traditions of lakeland benevolence and hospitality.

There is very little to be gleaned from Mrs. Fletcher's *Autobiography*, of her youngest son, Angus. We learn therefrom that he was born on the 6th October, 1799; that he saw the Lake Country for the first time in the summer of 1806, when the whole Fletcher family were guests of Mrs. Brudenell at Belmont, near Hawkshead. We hear of him next in June, 1829, as 'making good progress in his profession—the profession of a sculptor—living happily and quietly with a kind old friend of the family, Sir Robert Liston, who had fitted up a studio for him at Milburn Tower, and found much interest in watching his progress. He and the lonely old man, Sir Robert, were the fastest friends.

In the year 1835, we find him with his mother and sisters at Keen Ground, near Hawkshead, a little house taken for them by Mr. Harden, delighted to renew with them all their early associations with that neighbourhood. He is established now with an old servant of the family in a cottage at Oxton. Two years later he goes to London, 'embarked in some specula-

ANGUS FLETCHER

tion at his own desire,' of what kind I know not.

In 1842, he is at Lancrigg, helping his mother to complete the furnishing of the house, and beginning the gardening operations there. On January 11th, 1849, we hear from Crabbe Robinson's diary, that 'Angus Fletcher, together with Derwent Coleridge, Wordsworth and Quillinan, and the medical men,' are present at the funeral of Hartley Coleridge in the Grasmere churchyard. Early in the same year Angus had been invited by the Colonisation Society in London to accompany some deputies from their committee to visit the large manufacturing towns of Yorkshire, for the purpose of promoting the emigration to Australia of the unemployed operatives. It was then I think that he met W. E. Forster of Bradford, and from there offering his mother a visit to Lancrigg, he brought with him, at her request, Mr. Forster, to spend a week in Easedale. Forster in turn brought with him a novel just published anonymously, *Mary Barton*, which struck them with its power and pathos.

In 1851 Joanna Baillie died at the age of eighty-nine, and Angus Fletcher was allowed by her nephew, William Bell, to take a cast from

her face after death. In the same year we hear of Angus superintending another work, a medallion of Wordsworth, to be executed by Woolner for placing in Grasmere church. In 1852 he is again at Lancrigg, and the note of that visit by Mrs. Fletcher shows what a loving and tenderly devoted son he was. It is a small matter to mention, but however erratic he was, I am told he never forgot to write a letter of tenderest affection to his mother on her birthday.

Of the personal appearance of Angus Fletcher, I learn from a daughter of Lady Richardson, who as a young girl remembered him at Lancrigg, that he was a tall, fine-looking man, clean-shaved, with blue eyes and fine Fletcher features. How fine those features were may be judged by the portraits of his mother by Raeburn and by Richmond, and by the features of the nephew of Angus Fletcher, the late Rector of Grasmere, who still survives.

In Yarnell's book, *Wordsworth and the Coleridges*, we learn of the writer's visit to Lancrigg in 1855. He describes Mrs. Fletcher, a venerable old lady, then of eighty-five summers, 'with radiant look, light in her eyes, and colour in her cheeks,' and adds, 'I never saw a more

beautiful old age'; and we also get a glimpse of Angus Fletcher. He continues, 'I talked with her son, Mr. Angus Fletcher, a sculptor of some distinction; a bust of Wordsworth and one of Joanna Baillie, works of his, were in the drawing-room. He told me of his having lately been to see Tennyson, who is on Coniston Water in this neighbourhood, in a house lent to him by Mr. Marshall of Marshall's Island.' Tennyson was on his honeymoon at the time. We get an idea of the naïveté and humour of Angus Fletcher from the following story: 'Mr. Fletcher said he asked Tennyson to read some of his poetry to him. "No," was the reply, "I will do no such thing. You only want to take me off with the blue-stockings about here." But they got on well together in their aftertalk, and Tennyson, softening a little, said he would read him something. "Nothing of my own, however; I will not give you that triumph. I will read you something from Milton." "Oh, very well," said Mr. Fletcher, "I consider that quite as good poetry."'

This quaint being, loving, generous to a fault and with no sense of the worth of money, affectionate, mercurial and erratic, unconventional

and eccentric as man was ever made, perhaps by reason of his originality, his impulsiveness, and his unlikeness to other men, attracted Dickens in a wonderful way, so that it came to pass that the two grappled each other's hearts with hooks of steel, and as Forster's *Life of Dickens* testifies, the latter opened to him not only his heart but his home. I have heard from a nephew how all young people took to him because of his delightful bonhomie; but the bond between Dickens and Angus Fletcher was the strong sense of fun and humour that was always with him.

They must have become acquainted before 1840, for at the end of that year many and delightful letters were written from Broadstairs to Forster, filled with whimsical talk and humorous description, relating chiefly to an eccentric friend, who stayed with him most of the time, and is sketched in one of his papers as Mr. Kindheart. 'This Mr. Kindheart,' says Forster, 'whose real name was Mr. Angus Fletcher . . . had much talent, but too fitful and wayward to concentrate on a settled pursuit; and though at the time we knew him first he had taken up the profession of sculptor, he abandoned it soon afterwards. His mother, a woman distinguished

by many qualities, lived now in the English lake-country; it was no fault of hers that her son preferred a wandering life to that of home. His unfitness for an ordinary career was, perhaps, the secret of such liking for him as Dickens had. Fletcher's eccentricity and absurdities, divided often by the thinnest partitions from a foolish extravagance, but occasionally clever, and always the genuine though whimsical outgrowth of the life he led, had a curious charm for Dickens. He enjoyed the oddity and humour; tolerated all the rest; and to none more freely than to Kindheart during the next few years, both in Italy and in England, opened his house and hospitality.'

We hear of Angus Fletcher acting as a sort of squire and courier to Dickens at the time of his Scotch tour in June, 1841. On the 5th of July, Dickens writes from Lochearnhead:

'Having had a great deal to do in a crowded house on Saturday night at the theatre, we left Edinburgh yesterday morning at 7.30, and travelled with Fletcher for our guide to a place called Stewart's-hotel, nine miles further than Callender. We had neglected to order rooms, and were obliged to make a sitting-room of our

own bed-chamber, in which my genius for stowing furniture away was of the very greatest service. Fletcher slept in a kennel with three panes of glass in it, which formed part and parcel of a window; the other three panes whereof belonged to a man who slept on the other side of the partition. He told me this morning that he had had a night-mare all night, and had screamed horribly, he knew. The stranger, as you may suppose, hired a gig and went off at full gallop with the first glimpse of daylight.'

They went on thence through the Trossachs to Lochearnhead, and arrived wet through, after four and twenty miles of Highland rain.

'Fletcher,' continues Dickens, 'is very good-natured, and of extraordinary use in these outlandish parts. His habit of going into kitchens and bars, disconcerting at Broadstairs, is here of great service. Not expecting us till six, they hadn't lighted our fires when we arrived here; and if you had seen him (with whom the responsibility rested) running in and out of the sitting-room and the two bedrooms with a great pair of bellows, with which he distractedly blew out each of the fires in turn, you would have died of laughing. He had on his head a great Highland

cap, on his back a white coat, and cut such a figure as even the inimitable can't depicter.'

Writing from Loch Leven, Dickens says, 'We are here in a bare white house on the banks of Loch Leven, but in a comfortably furnished room on the top of the house—that is on the first floor —with the rain pattering against the window as though it were December, the wind howling dismally, a cold, damp mist on everything without, a blazing fire within, halfway up the chimney, and a most infernal Piper practising under the window for a competition of pipers which is to come off shortly.... The store of anecdotes of Fletcher, with which we shall return, will last a long time. It seems that the F.'s are an extensive clan, and that his father was an Highlander. Accordingly, wherever he goes, he finds out some cotter or small farmer who is his cousin. I wish you could see him walking into his cousin's curds and cream, and into their dairies generally! Yesterday morning, between eight and nine, I was sitting writing near the open window when the postman came to the inn (which at Lochearnhead is the Post Office) for the letters. He is going away, when Fletcher, who has been writing somewhere below stairs, rushes out and cries,

"Holloa there! Is that the Post?" "Yes!" somebody answers, "Call him back!" says Fletcher. "Just sit down till I'm done, *and don't go away till I tell you.*" Fancy! the General Post, with the letters of forty villages in a leathern bag.'

We do not hear of Angus Fletcher again until the Italian tour in 1844. He had been living some time in Italy, and knew Italian ways and manners. Dickens entered into possession on the 16th July of a villa at Albaro, a suburb of Genoa; Angus, who was living near the town, had taken the said villa for him at a rent absurdly above its value, 'an unpicturesque and uninteresting dwelling which looked like a pink jail.' 'It is,' said Dickens, 'the most perfectly lonely, rusty, stagnant old staggerer of a domain that you can possibly imagine.' It had a stable so full of 'vermin and swarmers,' as Angus called them, that he, Dickens, always expected to see 'the carriage going out bodily, with legions of industrious fleas harnessed to and drawing it off on their own account.' That Angus could use his pencil, as well as his sculptor's chisel, is plain from the pretty little sketch of the Villa Bagnerello, next door to the Villa Albaro, where the

French consul-general, who became a kindly neighbour to Dickens, was living. This sketch is reproduced in Forster's *Life*.

We next hear of Angus Fletcher at Carrara on the 20th July, 1845, where an ovation awaited Dickens, as he tells us—the result of the zeal of his eccentric friend, Fletcher, who happened to be staying there with an English marble merchant. 'There is a beautiful little theatre there, built of marble,' he writes, 'and they had it illuminated that night in my honour. It was crammed to excess, and I had a great reception.'

The last notice we have of Angus Fletcher on this Italian tour brings out the kindness and sympathy of this quaint man. 'A gentleman of Fletcher's acquaintance, living four miles from Genoa, had the misfortune to lose his wife; and no attendance on the dead beyond the city gate, nor even any decent conveyance, being practicable, the mourner—to whom Fletcher had promised, nevertheless, the sad satisfaction of an English funeral, which he had, meanwhile, taken enormous secret pains to arrange with a small Genoese upholsterer—was waited upon, on the appointed morning, by a very bright yellow hackney-coach-and-pair, driven by a coachman

in yet brighter scarlet knee-breeches and waistcoat, who wanted to put the husband and the body inside, together. "They were obliged to leave one of the coach doors open for the accommodation even of the coffin; the widower walked beside the carriage to the Protestant cemetery; and Fletcher followed on a grey horse." "It matters little now," says Dickens, after describing the incident in one of his minor writings, "for coaches of all colours are alike to poor Kindheart, and he rests far north of the little cemetery with the cypress trees, by the city walls, where the Mediterranean is so beautiful." '

Angus died in 1862, and Forster quotes a letter from Dickens on Fletcher's death. 'Poor Fletcher is dead. Just as I am closing my letter, I hear the sad story. He had been taken suddenly ill near the railway station at Leeds, and being accidently recognized by one of the railway men was carried to the Infirmary, where the doctor obtained his sister Lady Richardson's address, and wrote to her. She arrived to find him in a dangerous state, and after lingering four days he died. Poor Kindheart! I think of all that made him so pleasant to us, and am full of grief.'

I cannot conclude this chapter better than by reading a characteristic letter written to poor Kindheart by Dickens. I have to thank a great niece of Angus Fletcher for the permission to print it:

'London,
1 Devonshire Terrace,
York Gate, Sunday, 24th March, 1844.

My dear Fletcher,

You have unconsciously covered me with shame and degraded me to an ignominious and deplorable level. In an evil hour I invited Fred, the MacIans, and Maclise to dine here last Wednesday, the twentieth. I repeat it in capitals, THE TWENTIETH. Said I, Fletcher a punctual man is coming from Italy, and will turn up at half-past five sharp. I made use of the expression "sharp." They jeered, they sneered, they taunted me. He will not appear, said they. I know him better, said I. We will dine, said they, with pleasure, but Fletcher will not appear.

Confiding in the rectitude and fidelity of my own heart, I ordered your knife and fork to be laid. John laid it, the guests arrived. At five

and twenty minutes to six, they proposed to leave me in a body and dine together at the Star and Garter at Richmond. At five minutes to six they rang the bell, and ordered John, on pain of death, to serve the banquet. That wretched innocent complied. Over my mortification and anguish let me draw a decent veil. . . .' There are imaginary omissions here, with a long row of dots, and the letter goes on as follows:

'Seventhly, I think it was seventhly I left off at in my last—seventhly, I find it necessary for the sake of effect to turn over, seventhly, *I am coming to Italy*, bag and baggage, children and servants. I am coming to Italy for twelve months. We start, please God, on the first of next July. Take breath, and I will proceed. I purpose establishing my head-quarters in some one place from which I can at such intervals as suit me harass and ravage the neighbouring countries. Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay, who are well acquainted with the locale, assure me that I cannot do better than set up my rest at Pisa, and to Pisa therefore we shall proceed straight, unless I hear any special reason (which does not seem likely) for giving the preference to any other place.

Now, my modern Canova, I do not know where Carrara is, I do not know where anywhere is exactly, but if you can come to Pisa and meet us we shall be truly delighted to see you, and the benefit of your advice in taking quarters would be very great.' (There is a footnote here. 'Of course I don't mean to live in an hotel, but private apartments.') 'There is a Palazza di something, commanding a southern view of somewhere, in which I am told, we could be agreeably lodged. I want to do the thing comfortably, but I do not want to fling my money away for the benefit of the olive-visaged sons of the balmy South, especially as I have none to spare. Here is a list of the caravan:

(1) The inimitable Boz.
(2) The other half ditto.
(3) The sister of ditto ditto.
(4) Four babies, ranging from two years and a half old to seven and a half.
(5) Three women servants commanded by Ann of Broadstairs.

Do you think a genteel stranger (No. 1) extensively unacquainted with the language, manners and customs of Italy, could penetrate to Pisa

(with Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5) without engaging a sort of courier to tend him hither ? If he could, do you or do you not consider that he would be most infernally done by the way ? Your reply on these points will be highly esteemed. I have some idea of writing to the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich to let me have a couple of solitary rooms of the Observatory for three months, that I may grow a reasonable moustache. London society in the season is not favourable to the cultivation of that vegetable. Tell me your opinion about the coming with such a train. Whether we shall meet and where, together with all other matters and things that occur to you. I look forward to these new and brilliant scenes impatiently, as you may suppose. Kate sends her best regards. We are all well. Fred's boots are still rather tight, and he suffers in his feet, but in all other respects he is reasonably healthy. If I have not astonished you I am disappointed. I received your note announcing the prolongation of your stay for six months, last Friday.

Always, dear Fletcher,

Faithfully Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.'

The letter is addressed to 'Angus Fletcher, Esq., Poste Restante, Carrara.' It is interesting to note in these days of our rightful honour to the new Baron Henniker Heaton, that the postage of that letter cost 1 franc 20 c.

The connexion of Dickens with Westmoreland centres, as aforesaid, round two inhabitants of the Lake District, one a man, the other a bird. I do not know for certain that Grip was of Westmoreland birth, but it was not an uncommon thing for the guards of the London coaches from the north, to have in their keeping, cages destined for London, that contained the bird that before the advent of aeroplanes might be spoken of as one of the two 'fine birds' of our northern fells —the other being the buzzard. Dickens was fond of a raven, delighted in its comicality, and the humour of the bird. I believe if he came to life he would agree with me in preferring the croak of the raven over the Claiffe heights to the scream of the 'gnome engine' in mid air, and he would think that somehow or other the natural scenery of the Lake District was more enhanced by the circling flight of these wise native birds, who make their nests in the fellside crag, than in the flying dragons of war, who have their local

habitation in what we are asked to believe are picturesque 'hangars,' on the Rectory glebe at Bowness.

But whether Dickens's favourite raven came from Westmoreland or not, we all know how much of the fun of the Dickens household circled round that mischievous bird, that dwelt with Topping the groom, in Devonshire Terrace Mews, and few birds have secured such immortality as was accorded to Dickens and his raven by novelist, biographer, and Royal Academician alike. You all remember that interesting sketch of the apotheosis of Grip by Maclise upon the cover of the letter in which Dickens gave an account of the death of the raven, and which he begged might be forwarded at once to his friend Forster, as he was unequal to discharging the painful task of communicating it more than once.

It was on the evening of March 12th, 1841, that this bird, who as Forster tells us, had received a double passport to fame, expired at two minutes after twelve o'clock at noon, to the shock and grief of the whole family.

That letter, which was despatched to Maclise under an enormous black seal, has been published

in Forster's *Life of Dickens*. It was written on the evening of the bird's death.

But the sorrow for the loss of his favourite was not to be put easily by, and so we find Dickens, three months after that date, writing from Devonshire Terrace, 15th June, 1841, to his friend Angus Fletcher as follows:

'My dear Fletcher,—Many thanks for your welcome letter. Ten days, let us say, good ten days in the Highlands. But to secure this liberty we must be immovable in the matter of leaving Edinburgh, stone steel adamant. Therefore on the morning of the Saturday week, after the dinner, we bolt summarily. Grip is no more. He was only ill a day. I sent for the medical gentleman (a bird fancier in the New Road) on the first appearance of his indisposition; he promptly attended, and administered castor oil and warm gruel. Next day the patient walked in a thoughtful manner up and down the stable, until the clock struck twelve at noon, then staggered twice, exclaimed, "Halloa old girl!" either as a remonstrance with his weakness or as an apostrophe to death—I am not sure which—and expired.

Suspectful of a butcher who had been heard

to threaten, I had his body opened. There were no traces of poison and it appeared he had died of influenza. He has left a considerable property, chiefly in cheese and half-pence, buried in different parts of the garden. The new raven (*I have* a new one, but he is of comparatively weak intellect) ministers to his effects and turns up something every day. The last piece of bijouterie was a *hammer* of considerable size, supposed to have been stolen from a vindictive carpenter, who had been heard to speak darkly of vengeance down the mews.

The medical gentleman, himself habituated to ravens, assured me that "he never see sich a thorough-going, long-headed, deep, owdacious file" in the whole course of his practice. And he wound up by saying in reference to Topping, "Why what was he agin that bird? That ere little man could no more stand agin him in pint of sense and reason than I could agin the ghost of Cobbett." Good Christians say in such cases, "It was all for the best, perhaps." I try to think so. He had ripped the lining off the carriage, and eat the paint off the wheels. In the course of the summer, while we were at Broadstairs, I think he would have it all bodily.

I have been fearfully hard at work morning, noon and night. I have done now, and am all impatient to start. I shall not be quite myself (now that having done I can venture to think of it) until we have taken our first glass of wine at the Royal. Until when and always, believe me, dear Fletcher,

Faithfully Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.'

' Angus Fletcher, Esq.'

So ends the story of the connexion—slight as it is—between Dickens and the Lake District.

V

Keswick and Neighbourhood—An Historical Sketch

When people come for the first time into a new country, they naturally want to know something of its past history; something of the old time inhabitants who helped to make it what it is; something of the minds that have been inspired by their surroundings; something of the monuments that have been left behind to perpetuate their memories.

First then for a brief account of the geological history of this neighbourhood. Go up the Castle Hill and imagine yourself at the beginning of time. Sixty million years ago, great rivers from the north-west were rolling the detritus from a land long since submerged, towards Skiddaw, and laying down 1200 feet of detritus that slowly was lifted from the sea and became a great dome

round which in many millions of years the lake country hills were built.

This great central dome is known to-day as Skiddaw slate, and contains the remains of the horny covers of the little graptolite that then abounded in what was perhaps tropical water. In those far-off days the river Greta probably ran eastward, and not as now westward. Millions of years afterwards, the place where we stand was probably the vent of a volcano, which in connection with other volcanoes in the Ambleside and Bowfell neighbourhood, spouted up fine dust of what was to all intents and purposes glass, into the air, which again probably fell into water and gradually built up the whole of the Lake District away to the south.

The beauty of the hills in Borrowdale is largely owing to their bossy outlines, and this variety of outline is the result of the fact that inasmuch as the volcanoes spouted dust and poured forth lava at the same time, the hills were composed of rock of various densities, hard lava and softer dust, which have weathered because of various densities into their present beautiful forms.

We believe that the volcanic ash of which this lake country to the south is composed, was the

result of three different volcanic eruptions. And how tremendous the force of these eruptions was may be gathered from the fact that some of the ashes were carried as far as the Pennine Range beyond the Eden Valley. There came a time when, owing to some upheaval or central earth disturbance, a vast crack in the earth's crust took place from Egremont across to the Borrowdale Valley at Grange, along by Walla Crag and Rakefoot to Great Mell Fell. At this time the Skiddaw slate appears to have sunk down many thousand feet, and the ashes were poured out upon the flank of it.

Evidence of this overlapping of the volcanic ash of the later geological period on to the Skiddaw slate bed is seen at the little beck that runs down to the Ambleside road near Causeway Foot. Perhaps, though this is only a guess, it was at that time that the River Greta began to run down towards Keswick.

There must have been after this time glacial ages, and instead of a tropical sea an arctic sea to the north-west. The glaciers and ice-floe of these arctic epochs have left their traces in this neighbourhood. In Borrowdale, in the Vale of St. John's, you may see the scratches of the ice

ploughs as they planed out the valleys; and wonderful examples of this ice planing may be seen high up on Grange Fell, which now belongs to the nation. The moraine heaps beyond Dunmail Raise and between Buttermere and the Scarf Gap Pass are evidences of that glacial time. Here in this valley, the old church of Crosthwaite stands on a moraine heap, which was probably dropped by some glacier as it moved down the vale.

We do not know when man first came into this neighbourhood, but if you will go to the Fitz Park Museum, you can see the stone axes and hammers which were used by people any time between 3000 and 600 B.C. You will find also the querns or stone mills with which they ground their corn. That early neolithic race of men, with dark hair and long heads, disappeared before the arrival of another race of men of larger stature, with fair hair and round heads, who had spears in their hands, and knew the use of iron and bronze, and though silver was unknown to them, wore round their necks torques of gold.

In the Museum you may see the armlets worn by a woman of that date, which were found near Rough Crag on the west side of Thirlmere. To

judge by the size of these ornaments, the women were of slim build. The older neolithic man knew nothing of the dog, but these men, when they shepherded their goats or hunted the wolf, had dogs to help them.

It is quite certain that these Brigantes or early Brigands of the Lake Country dwelt in a country very thickly wooded, for we find that all their fortified villages were on the heights. One of these fortified villages was on Bleaberry Fell; another and very important one, was at Threlkeld Knott above the quarry; whilst for a fortified camp of refuge we have no better example than the Buckcastle Fort on the fell high up above Shoulthwaite Ghyll.

The oak woods in this neighbourhood were famous until Greenwich Hospital, which had acquired the lands round here that had belonged to the attainted Earl of Derwentwater, allowed Mr. Spedding, of Whitehaven, to cut the trees for the Navy in 1745. It is said that a squirrel could come all the way round from Dunmail Raise to Keswick without once touching the ground. How beautiful the oak grove in these valleys was will not be known for another three hundred years, for the Manchester Corporation cut down

smack smooth, the only beautiful oak grove on their property west of Thirlmere, three years ago. The wood in our valley went in Elizabeth's time to supply the German miners with charcoal for their smelting at The Forge.

We do not know what faith these Brigantes professed. We believe they were sun-worshippers, partly because the marks of fire have been found in the graves where they buried their dead; and partly because the Druids' Circle on Castrigg Fell, now the property of the National Trust, which they probably raised, was oriented and had a sanctuary at the east end. They have left behind them, not only their querns and stone axes and hammers, but they left also the names which they gave to our rivers and hills, such as Glaramara, Blencathra, Greta, Glenderaterra and Glenderamakin. And still in our valleys may be found here and there such a name as Carradus, which is the Caradoc of those early Celtic people.

Some time between the years 85 and 410 A.D., the Romans were known hereabout. Not many remains have been found, but tradition tells us that they had a look-out station on Castle Crag and a camp at Caermote, south of Bassenthwaite,

which appears to have been a hospital camp for invalids; while Castrigg Fell still preserves the name of their camp, the fell of the ridge camp or castrum; and at the Gale, on the way to Skiddaw, may still be seen the earthen ramparts of a little sentry camp, which probably was held by Roman soldiery. Such words, too, as Causeway Foot in the St. John's Vale, and Causey Pike out Newlands way, tell us of Roman roads that were made by them. A bronze tripod kettle, a few broken bits of pottery, and a few bronze coins are the only Roman finds in this neighbourhood.

These Romans probably never drove those early Brigantes from the Lake Country. Their real conquerors were the hardy Norsemen from over the sea. These men, the fair-haired, grey-eyed Norsemen or Vikings of old, came to Cumberland in two invasions; under Ingolf in 874 and later under Thorolf. They settled down in our valleys and in our dales, and have never left us, and they still use many words of their old Norse, which are understandable in Iceland to-day, and retain some of their curious folklore superstitions. Thus, for example, they speak of sheep 'raking' or following one after another along the fells. They talk of 'elding' when they

speak of fire-wood. They use the wood of their holy Igdrasil, or rowan tree, for the cream-stick in their cream pots, and they preserve the thrifty, hard-working character, the love of truth and honesty, which you find amongst the peasants of Norway to-day.

Their love of wrestling is inherited from a far past. Their love of nicknames comes from the old Viking times, and their feeling for death, and the honour that must be done to the dead are also Norse. They were shepherds as well as sailors in old times, and I believe they brought with them the hardy little Herdwick sheep which still people the fells.

You cannot go anywhere in this district without finding the names of the first settlers still kept in memory. Thus Keswick itself probably means the wyke, or the place where the boats were run ashore by a certain Ketel, son of Ormr. Ketel's Wyke became Kelsyke and then Keswick. His father, Ormr, probably settled at Ormathwaite, which means 'the clearing in the forest made by Ormr.' Above Ormathwaite is the camp of Hundr or Hundr's caer. At Thornthwaite we have the clearing in the woodland by Thornig, a Norse chieftain. At Swinside we have the seat

or high raised seat of Sveyn or Svein. At Honister we have a memory of the stadhr or farmsteading of Honig; and in the Vale of St. John's we find a piece of low-lying land near the roadside and a little meadow still called Honeypot, or the pot or swampy ground of Honig.

Go where you will, such words as *how*, and *force*, and *scale*, and *thwaite*, betoken the Norse occupation. We know where they loved to bury their dead, for Latrigg, which is a spur of Skiddaw, overhanging the town, is the ridge of the 'hlad' or dead, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were discovered on the top of Latrigg, seventy cist vaens or burial places, for these old Norse chieftains, who were determined after death apparently, to sit, battle-axe in hand, and look out at the doings of their children in the valley below.

We know that they had tribal meetings at Things or Quarter Things. For example, Portinscale means 'the huts by the Porth' or 'Ford of the Thing.' We know that they had the meeting for judgment at the Domr or Doom-ring at the Druids' Circle on Castrigg Fell; and there was probably in the middle of that Doom-ring in those days a 'breaking-stone' on which men

condemned to death were killed, and in the Fitz Park Museum is preserved a stone club which was found there and may have been used at executions or at the killing of beasts for sacrifice.

There is also a Justice Stone in the Thirlmere Valley, and the word Legburthwaite at the entrance to that vale preserves in its place-name a memory of the days when the Logsayer or Lugsayer, spoke the dooms from the 'Beorg' or hill in the clearing of the wood, Lugbeorgthwaite or Legburthwaite of to-day. That word 'lug' or 'law' is very interesting, because all the sheep on our fells carry the law-mark of the various flock-masters on their 'lugs' or ears still. The word 'lug' originally meant law, but because the marks of the lawful owners were placed upon the ears, the word 'lug' and law became interchangeable and the ear-mark or 'lug-mark' mean the same thing.

It may be interesting for readers to know that wherever you find the words *how*, or *thwaite*, which means the cutting down of wood, or *force*, or *ghyll*, or *seat*, which means a high camp, you may be sure that Viking people have been the holders of the land hereabout. We do not know anything of the history of the country round

here between the time of the Viking invasion and the year 1000, except that it is probable that the great invasion under Halfdene, the Dane, in 875, which came from the east coast and laid Carlisle in ashes, did not touch our people, and though the English King, Edmund the Elder, when he sacked Manchester in 924, was made overlord of this country, the Vikings hereabouts were probably left in peace.

About the year 945, King Edmund the Magnificent, in league with Leoline, King of South Wales, marched up through the south of the Lake District, and is traditionally said to have fought the last king of rocky Cumberland at the Dunmail Raise somewhere about the year 945.

It has been suggested that the battle is mythical, that there never existed a King Dunmail, and that the story of his two sons having been taken captive and had their eyes put out has no guarantee in history. It is certain, however, that a battle, perhaps many battles, took place at that gate into Cumberland, which all travellers pass on their way from Keswick to Ambleside; and the great mound of stones which is locally spoken of as King Dunmail's grave, is probably a battle cairn.

What we do know is that after some great battle which may have taken place there, the land of the Cymri or Cumbria, was handed over as an independent fief to Malcolm, the first King of Scotland, when Cumbria was laid waste in the year 1000 by Ethelred, the English King, who as the Saxon chronicler tells us, 'ravaged it well-nigh all'; and that about the year 1070 the great Gospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, overran the country and severed this little kingdom of minished Britain, which was coterminous with the diocese of Carlisle until the year 1856, from the rule of Malcolm, King of Scotland, and that Dolphin, son of Gospatrick, was looked upon as its feudal lord.

Rufus the King marched against this Dolphin with many men and much cattle from the south in the year 1092, rebuilt Carlisle which had lain waste ever since the time of Halfdene the Dane; set the Border between Scotland and England, and made Cumberland and Keswick part and parcel of the English domain.

But the Vikings who settled here remained as the shepherds and farmers of the country all through these centuries of trouble and disturbance, and they are with us at this day.

One thing the Vikings left us which we to-day are doing our best to reintroduce, is the wholesome whole-meal or 'havver' bread, the 'flatbröde' of Norway, and any who care to see how that is made, should visit Mrs. Parker in New Street. Thirty years ago it was the staff of life in all our farms, and the large bone of our Cumberland farm folk, and the good teeth of past generations were largely owed to this household food. If it had still been in fashion to eat 'poddish' and milk and 'havver' bread instead of being content with tea and pastry, we should not have eighty-five per cent. of children in Cumberland schools with bad teeth, as we are assured is the fact by our medical officer to-day.

I will now briefly tell you of how Christianity came into this valley. Probably St. Ninian first taught the people the way of God through his missionaries from Whithorn across the Solway, in the early part of the sixth century. Then St. Kentigern, flying for his life from his pagan persecutors at Dumbarton in the north, somewhere about the year 553, heard, when he reached Carlisle, that many among the mountains had fallen from the faith and were worshipping strange gods, and coming hither by a way we can trace

because of the fact that church dedications bear his name, set up a cross in the clearing of the wood or 'thwaite,' from which the whole district composed within the ancient parish of Crosthwaite, takes its name. Here he stayed many days confirming the men in the faith, and so passed south to become the founder of the great missionary settlement of St. Asaph.

Later in that sixth century, St. Brigha, sister of St. Brandon, who gave her name to Bristol city, gave her name also, as I believe, to the Vicarage Hill in this parish, which is still called Bristowe Hill; for Bristol and Bristowe are similar words. She left behind a memory of her mission work and her sisters in the Nuns' Well of Brigham, or the home of Brigha.

After her we know nothing till the next century when on the 17th March in the year 687, we know from that famous old chronicler, Bede, that a holy man of God, named Herebert, who was the friend of Cuthbert, died on the island in Derwentwater, which still bears his name, on the same day as that upon which St. Cuthbert died.

The parish and its church and cure of souls was given by Richard Coeur de Lion, within three months of his death, to the Abbey of St. Mary's

at Fountains, and up to the Reformation it was worked by a body of monks who dwelt at Monks Hall, where now stands the cottage hospital. In the fourteenth century an interesting band of men called Monks of the Guild of St. Anthony, also dwelt there. They vowed themselves to poverty and to assist all who needed their help by guiding them across the valleys and over the waths or fords, and by giving them shelter at night. When in the year 1384, a shrine was set up on St. Herbert's island in memory of the friendship of St. Cuthbert and St. Herbert, it became part of their duty to ferry pilgrims backwards and forwards to that shrine from St. Nicholas's landing on the west side and from Friars' Crag on the east side of the Lake, and their useful services in those old days is perpetuated by the name of the crag.

Keswick and the Lake District, though rediscovered to English people by Gray the poet in 1769, had been very well known not only throughout England but throughout Germany and Austria between the years 1561 and 1600, for in 1561 a certain John Steinburger, who was partner with the Rev. T. Thurland, English Master of the Savoy, encouraged by Queen Eliza-

GREENWICH
CENTRAL
LIBRARY
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

ERRATA.

P. 141, line 10, *read* "Haug" *for* "Hough"; line 11, *read* "Langnauer" *for* "Landnauer."

P. 142, line 4, *read* "Ulric" *for* "Alric"; line 6, *read* "Gans" *for* "Gauz."

P. 156, line 7, *read* "concentric" for "concentrate."

beth, had determined to interest German capitalists and experts at Augsburg in the mineral resources of England, and in the year 1564, helped by some of the greatest of our English statesmen, formed the Corporation of Mines Royal for the prospecting and working of mines in England. In 1564 Thurland transferred the grants that had been given to him to a certain Daniel Hochstetter or Hechstetter, who was agent for the famous firm of David Hough, Hans Landnauer & Co., of Augsburg, who were the universal providers of their day, East Indian merchants and bankers. They sent over from the Tyrol competent miners and copper smelters from the neighbourhood of Innsbruck, whose names to the number of eighty-five still survive in our parish registers, who settled down to work minerals in Newlands, Caldbeck, and Grasmere, and established great smelting works at the place we call The Forge to-day. These people opened coal pits at Bolton, and set going a very large industry of charcoal burning and peat digging for their fuel; brought their ore from as far as Coniston to The Forge, and between the years 1564 and 1590 seem to have spent money almost like water in the district. They settled down, married

Cumberland girls, and when the mines failed here, went off to carry on their work at Coniston.

Nor only did they migrate to Coniston, for one of them, Alric Frass or Fraus, went off into Wales, and there improving on the invention of a fellow-countryman named Gauz, created a copper smelting industry by means of his reverberatory furnace, which is the foundation of all Welsh mining since. There are still living in Keswick Parkers, Bewshers, Earles, Pooleys, and Stampers, and in Cumberland Senoggles, Mosers, and Collisons, who are probably descendants of that German colony.

And now about the people who have helped to give fame to this valley. We ought not to forget the fact that in Charles I.'s time there lived a great Chief Justice, a man so honest that when Cromwell came to power he was still retained in office, staunch Royalist though he was known to be. Sir John Banks's name will never be forgotten in this little town. He was a native of Keswick and one of the greatest benefactors to its poor. He died about 1644.

Then at the end of the eighteenth century and till 1800, we had close by here at Ormathwaite, the friend of Davy and of Priestley, Dr. William

Brownrigg. And in the year 1772 Benjamin Franklin came down to join him in an experiment of pouring oil upon troubled waters, and the first experiments of this kind were made on our lake by these two.

In October of 1769 hither came Gray, the writer of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' The churchyard was Stoke Pogis. He was middle-aged and in delicate health, but we are glad that he came, for he it was who really made people believe in the beauty and sublimity of the English Lake scenery, and has left behind him a journal in which he tells us where we ought to go for the best views. One he mentions in this neighbourhood is the view from the Vicarage garden. He says: 'I got to the Vicarage a little before sunset, and saw in my glass (that is in my pocket Claude Lorraine mirror) a picture that if I could transmit to you in all the softness of its living colour would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty.'

Wordsworth came to the valley to sojourn a short time in 1793. He brought with him his sister, Dorothy the poetess. They walked hither together afoot to stay at the old farm house of

Windy Brow. While there they rejoiced to find that they could live so cheaply. Sixpence a day was sufficient for them, their food being chiefly porridge and potatoes. They proved then, as all their life confessed, that simple living was conducive and compatible with high thinking. It would be better if there was a little more of both in these days.

In the year 1800 another remarkable man visited Keswick, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Old Jackson, the chief carrier between Whitehaven and Kendal, hearing that he would like to live here, offered him half of his house, Greta Hall, for fifty pounds a year, as it was too large for himself, and, as that was too much for the poet, said that as he was a scholar he might have it for twenty-five pounds. This old Jackson was fond of books, knew his Shakespeare well, read history, and had a capital library well stocked with encyclopaedias and dictionaries. Coleridge was then in his twenty-ninth year and the prime of his life and work. He was engaged then upon his poem, 'Christabel'; the 'Ancient Mariner' had been finished the year before. The thought that Wordsworth was at Grasmere attracted him; the promise of good books at Sir Wilfrid Lawson's

decided him, and with the little philosopher, Hartley—the 'blessed vision happy child!' of Wordsworth's verse—he came here with his wife, Southey's sister-in-law, to live in 1800. In the old Register at Crosthwaite Church you may see the entries showing that Hartley, Derwent, and their sister Sara Coleridge were christened in our old font on one and the same day in October of 1803.

In that year another poet, Robert Southey, afterwards poet laureate, who had married Coleridge's wife's sister, came with his wife and another sister-in-law, Mrs. Lovell, to share Greta Hall with him until 1806 or 1807, when Southey took upon himself the care of the household. No words of mine can express to you the growing admiration I feel for that wonderful benevolence of the literary man who for forty years daily went through his literary task to bring bread to his children and to the Coleridges and their friends.

Other people of note came here in those days, including Charles Lamb and his sister Mary in 1802. In 1811 another poet came to Keswick. I mean young Shelley, who had run away with his schoolgirl wife, Harriet Westbrooke. He was nineteen and she only sixteen-and-a-half. His

father would have nothing to do with him. He had been sent down from Cambridge for publishing an inflammatory tract, and he and his young wife had come to a house at Chestnut Hill belonging to Mr. Gideon Dare. There is a pathetic story told of how when the Southeys called on Mrs. Shelley, they asked her how she enjoyed being there, and she said she liked the garden, because when they tired of the house Mr. Dare allowed them to run wild round the garden paths.

In 1818 Keats tells us he walked here from Wythburn, and the same day went to Lodore and fell into one of the pools and got wet through up to his waist. The next day he walked round the lake, went up to Skiddaw, came down, had his dinner and walked to Uldale.

I must tell you that there died on September 7th, 1856, Jonathan Otley, who was the first to discover the stratification and classification of our Cumberland rocks. Professor Sedgwick, speaking of our rock system in 1831, said that it must never be forgotten that we owed this discovery to his indefatigable energy and industrious observation. He was a clockmaker and swillmaker, and he it was who made the old clock in the tower at Crosthwaite.

For those of us who believe in a reasonable Christianity, it must not be forgotten that at this time there lived at Keswick Frederick Myers. This man Myers was a reader and a thinker who believed that the more people were educated the nobler they became. He gave popular lectures on great men and also started an excellent library. The newer German theology introduced by Maurice did much to leaven English theological thought. Some of you may have read his 'Catholic Thoughts.' If much of his way of thinking is current coin of the church now, we cannot forget that he and Maurice were pioneers in Christian philosophy.

I must now pass back to Wordsworth, who was much pressed to come here first by Coleridge and then by Beaumont, to build himself a cottage at Applethwaite on a piece of land given to him by Sir George Beaumont. They had urged him to come here with Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Wordsworth did not build the cottage, but he always remembered Beaumont's wish :

> 'Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear
> A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell.'

you will remember he wrote. He was here when Southey died in 1843, and came to his funeral.

Several people have been here who have described Southey, but the best personal description we have of him is that of John Ruskin, who came here as a little lad of ten and went down to the Friars' Crag and there saw, in his opinion, one of the four finest views in Europe, a view which, together with one he had on Shap Fells, he never forgot. The roots of the trees at Friars' Crag particularly impressed him. He tells us that it made a difference to him in his views of tree growth for the rest of his life.

But it was on a later visit, when he was twelve years old, that Ruskin went with his friends to Crosthwaite Church and saw Southey and described him thus: 'His eyes were as black as a coal, and in turning they flashed very much as a coal does in burning.'

The flash of Southey's dark eye was remarkable, and his swift change of colour when he was roused to remonstrance has been likened by Carlyle to that of a cobra's when it opens its hood and sets back its head to strike.

In 1835 another poet laureate, Tennyson, with his friend Fitzgerald, visited Keswick, and while here wrote and re-wrote parts of his poem 'Morte D'Arthur,' and I sometimes think that our Bas-

senthwaite lapping on the crag and washing in the reeds as I see it when I gaze down on the woods of Mirehouse from Skiddaw, inspired some of his lines.

In 1850 Tennyson visited Keswick again, this time with his bride, Miss Emily Selwood, whom, as a cousin of my mother's, I have known something of and reverenced. Seeing a carriage one day in the town, he asked to whom it belonged, and learning that it was the Mirehouse carriage, he went up to the lady occupant and asked her about James Spedding in a gruff way and spoke about the Speddings as if he knew them. She asked him to drive with her to Mirehouse, and it was not until they were within the gates that he told her he was Alfred Tennyson, the friend of James Spedding.

Another guest at Mirehouse was Tom Carlyle, who always spoke of Tom Spedding as the only man who really understood him, and who stayed at Mirehouse in 1818 and again in 1865. On the latter occasion he came to rest there, completely worn out after completing his work on 'Frederick the Great.'

A well-known writer in Blackwood, William Smith, the author of 'Thorndale,' dwelt in this

valley between the years 1852 and 1864, partly at Portinscale and partly in Keswick. It is interesting to know that the house he came to, 3 Derwentwater Place, had just been built by the hands of a mason poet, Richardson, of St. John's-in-the-Vale, who grew up to become the Robert Burns of this neighbourhood. All who care for racy rhyme and humorous delineation of character to the life in good Cumberland dialect ought to possess themselves of his two volumes of Cumberland talk. Too delicate in health for the hard work of a waller, he became the dominie of St. John's-in-the-Vale School. No man loved that valley better than he, and he lies buried within a hundred yards of the schoolroom in which he taught.

Both the Vicarages at Crosthwaite and St. John's, Keswick, have given birth to writers of considerable fame. The well-known authoress, Mrs. Lynn-Linton, was born on Vicarage Hill, and those who read 'Lizzie Lorton,' 'Christopher Kirkland,' and her 'Lake Country' know how deeply she cared for this neighbourhood. Her ashes were deposited in July, 1898, beside her father's tomb in Crosthwaite Churchyard. Beside his father's tomb, in the St. John's Churchyard, rest the remains of Frederick Myers the poet,

who was born in the St. John's Vicarage. Too early in life he gave up the art of the poet for his passionate endeavour to pierce the veil and ascertain by psychical experiments if the spirits of the departed can commune with those who still walk the earth.

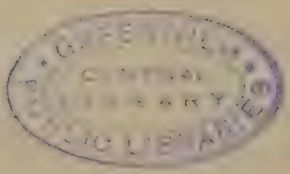
VI

The Stone Circle on Castrigg Fell

THERE stands on the northern end of the high ground that separates St. John's Vale from the Keswick valley one of the most remarkable of the pre-historic monuments in the North. Not so large as 'Long Meg and her daughters,' it is the most perfect of Cumberland Megalithic circles, and in a county rich in these remains from Addingham and Kirkoswald in the north-east to Burn Moor, Eskdale, Miterdale, Swinside, Lacra, and Kirksanton in the south-west, there is no circle which is so interesting. In choice of site it is supreme. It lies on a tableland one and a half miles from Keswick, 706 feet above sea level. The River Greta is heard far below in the woody gorge to the north, and Naddle-beck, half a mile away, is seen flowing down the valley to the east.

The first impression on entering the field is that

STONE CIRCLE AT CASTRIGG FELL


CENTRAL
LIBRARY

we are on raised ground, within a perfect amphitheatre of mountains. Helvellyn stretches away to the south, the north is closed by the gulfy bosom of Blencathra and the rounded slopes of Lonscale and Skiddaw. Out east, beyond the cone of Mell Fell, shines the blue Pennine range and Crossfell, and westwards the sky is broken by the giant outlines of the Buttermere and Crummock hills and the nearer masses of Hindscarth, Robinson, Grassmoor, Whinlatter, Lord's Seat, Barf, and Wythop.

But the interest for us who enter the charmed circle of these grey old stones is the fact that we are standing within sight of three, if not four, of the pre-historic camps and villages of the early Hiberno-Celtic race, the Brigantes, who, unless an earlier people made it, were builders of this sanctuary or burial ground. The villages called Pictish above Threlkeld and above Falcon Crag, the refuge camps on Castle Rock in St. John's and at the high end of Shoulthwaite Ghyll, are so well within view that curl of smoke by day or flash of fire by night would summon the tribesmen at any time to council or to rite.

A unique feature of this circle is the rude rectangular inner enclosure of the stones on the

eastern side, and just east of the centre line north and south. We forget the forty-eight monoliths that make the outer circle, as we dream of the days gone by, when the sun-worshipping priests performed their rites in this inner sanctuary, or the great tribal chieftains came together to bewail their fallen leader, and to lay him to rest within the holiest of holies. That sepulture did take place there was proved in the forties of the last century, when a Mr. Kinsey Dover, on examination, found therein black earth and ash.

The late Chancellor Ferguson maintained that whoever gave us our stone circles in Cumberland, built them in pre-Roman times, and came from the Isle of Man to our shores; that the circle-building race were originally the Hiberno-Celts, who, coming from beyond Orkney, found themselves in the North of Ireland, and pushed on thence to the Isle of Man and to the west coast of Cumberland.

What the faith of these rude Hiberno-Celts was we cannot know. We may guess by the fact of the inner sanctuary at the east of the Keswick circle that they honoured the sun. The rising of the stars was probably dear to them, and we may conjecture that each stone they placed *in situ* was

under the guardianship of its own particular star, and helped the builders to know the coming and going of the seasons. There is no cup-marking on any Keswick stones, but these have been found on Long Meg, and on the stone of a cist near by it. Antiquaries assert that identical cup-markings are found in India connected with 'Lingam' or 'Mahadeo' worship.

We are fortunate in having preserved to us a letter from Quintius to his brother Cicero giving details of the construction of the ancient stone circles of Britain, and of a religious ceremony in connection with them, of which he appears to have been an eye-witness. It is known that this Quintius accompanied Julius Caesar in his first and second expeditions to Britain. This is what he says: 'The temples of the Britons are raised and constructed in a circular form with obelisks of stone, over which are imposts, all of huge dimensions, untouched by chisel—a peace offering to Geranius or Apollo, the sun. The huge stones of which they are composed lay scattered by the hand of Nature on the plain. These, with myriads of labourers, the high priest caused to be rolled up on the inclined planes of solid earth, which had been formed by the excavation of

trenches until they had attained a height equal to their own altitude. These pits being dug, they were launched from the terrace and sunk so as to stand perpendicularly at due and equal distance in the circle, and over these were placed others horizontally. After having completed one circle, they formed another, that is, concentrate at some distance, and towards the extremity of the area of the inner circle they placed a huge stone for the performance of religious rites. When the sun enters into Cancer is the great festival of the god, and on all high mountains and eminences of the country they light fires at the approach of that day, and make their wives and their children and their cattle to pass through the fire, or to present themselves before the fire in honour of the deity. Deep and profound is the silence of the multitude during this ceremony until the appearance of the sun above the horizon, when, with loud and continual exclamations and songs of joy, they hail the utmost exaltation of that luminary as the supreme triumph of the symbol of the god of their adoration.'

There could be no better site found for such worship as at the stone circle on Castlerigg Fell. The presence of stone cells in St. John's Vale and

of the pre-historic village within sight of the circle tends to prove the likelihood of this pre-historic monument being the work of a pre-Viking age.

But whoever were the original builders of the Keswick stone circle, it can hardly be doubted that the Vikings who over-ran Cumberland in the ninth century, and settling down by dale and fell, never left their Lake-country home, must have utilised the stone circles of an earlier race and an earlier worship. Here to their hands they found the Doom or 'Domr' circle complete. All that was needed was to erect a breaking stone in the centre of the circle, whereon the sacrifice of a beast should be consummated, or where from, while the people could not approach within bow-shot for fear of being condemned 'as a wolf of the holy place,' the judge uttered his doom, and the death sentence was carried out on the malefactor or victim.

A few years since a rude stone club was found close to the stone circle, and is now preserved in the Keswick Museum; and the note of local Viking worship and the presence of the priests or 'godi,' is kept alive by the name of the neighbouring farm, Goosewell.

What congregations of wild tribesmen from far-off villages, from neolithic times to the time of our Norse forefathers, long before the Romans held their camp upon the fell that to-day gives it its name, have here taken place! What sudden summons by fire, what processions through the well-marked gateway to the circle from north and south and west—what dooms were heard being pronounced—what deaths, what sacrifices, what cries of pain and vengeance, what oaths for war, what wail of chant or exultation of prayer!

The very stones themselves seem to have caught the idea of worship, and from a distance look more like great praying monks in cowls of beast-grey than mere memorial stones.

But to-day there are no cries but the cry of the curlew above us, or the call of Greta from the woody hollow to the north; and in stern silence the Megalithic men upon their knees are dumb; we question them, but there is no voice nor any to answer.

Though not mentioned by Camden, this stone circle was visited by Stukeley in 1725. He described it as 'very entire, a hundred feet in diameter, consisting of fifty stones, some very large. At the east end a grave made of such

other stones. At the north end a cist-vaen of great stones. They call it "The Carles."'

If Stukeley counted correctly, two stones in the great circle must have been lost since his time. The missing stones were standing when Gray, the poet, visited the circle forty-four years later. 'After dinner,' he writes in his diary, 'walked up the Penrith Road two miles or more, and turned into a cornfield to the right, called Castlerigg. Saw a Druids' circle of large stones, 108 feet in diameter, biggest not 8 feet high, most of them still erect, near fifty in number.' Hutchinson, the county historian, in 1773, and Pennant, who visited the stones under the guidance of a certain Dr. Brownrigg—who was locally spoken of as the discoverer of the Druids' circle—were struck chiefly by the rectangular recess, which seemed to the latter to have been allotted as a sort of holy of holies to the priests for their rites and divinations; and Pennant specially notes the fact that this rectangular recess is placed on the eastern side, and probably had some connection with sun worship. Clarke, in his *Survey of the Lakes*, in the year 1774, counts fifty-two stones, and speaks as though the stone circles of his time were commonly spoken of as temples. He is chiefly

concerned with the mystery of the carriage of these huge blocks brought from far away. He did not know that they had been borne hither by glacial flow and deposited hard by.

The old geologist, Otley, the first accurate writer of a *Guide to the Lakes* in 1849, noted that the rough 'cobble stones,' as he called them, forty-eight in number, were similar to other stones scattered over the surface and embedded in the diluvium of adjacent grounds, and draws a plan of the circle on the scale of 40 feet to the inch, with the exact number of stones, as they remained on May 2 of that year.

One of the two stones which the earlier visitors may have noted lies to-day embedded in the hedge bottom on the western side.[1] Another, described by an early visitor to the circle as 'an outlying stump,' has almost disappeared.

It is curious to note that neither Wordsworth nor Southey described the circle. The view from the Druid circle much impressed Coleridge on his first visit to it, and thirty years later his wife takes her last farewell of the Keswick valley from the same view point. The poet Keats visited the scene in midsummer of 1818, and must have had

[1] See last paragraph on page 165.

the memory of the circle in mind when he wrote, in the second book of 'Hyperion,' the words:

> 'Like a dismal cirque
> Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
> When the chill rain begins at shut of eve
> In dull November.'

Keats may have heard the 'Castrigg Fell' spoken of, as Gray had heard it called 'The Moor,' and though he saw 'the cirque of Druid stones' in all the solemn beauty of a long-lit June-tide evening, he was able, for poetic purpose, to describe it as it would appear on a November day at shut of eve when the chill rain begins.

The visitor to the stone circle at any time of the year feels repaid for his long upward climb, but never so weird and so mysterious is the scene as when, after a heavy fall of snow, he sees the dark-robed company keeping watch about the sleep of a vanished race, while all around the white-haired mountain kings in their turn stand guardians of this old-world sanctuary.

That this Megalithic circle is considered of national importance by archaeologists may be gathered from the fact that it is one of the very few ancient remains of North-West England which has been deemed worthy of scheduling

under the Ancient Monuments Protection Act; and we congratulate the locality in having secured for the custody of the National Trust the fair nine-acre field, to be unbuilt upon, and to be kept free of access for the people for ever, wherein those ancient standing stones, the 'Carles,' have so well kept their secret and out-watched Time.

Since writing the above, I have heard from various friends interested in stone circles that, in their opinion, the date of these megalithic monuments is probably pre-Celtic. One of them writes: 'A certain amount of confusion has arisen as to the origin of Dolmens, Cromlechs, and Stone circles. This confusion is due first to the use of the term "druidical circles," and second to the earlier belief that the use of copper and bronze was introduced into Europe by the Aryan invaders. The Druids were an order of priesthood among the Celts of Gaul and Britain, therefore it was argued that these megalithic monuments were Celtic. Bronze was an Aryan innovation, therefore the presence of bronze in a tomb proved it to be a place of Aryan sepulture. There is now no doubt that the Dolmen and Cromlech are of North African origin, and that they find their highest type in the Egyptian

pyramid. That these and the stone circles were the products of the Mediterranean race seems pretty certain, and that they were passed from Africa to the Iberian peninsula, and from thence to the farther corners of Britain and Ireland by the same race. If doubt,' adds my friend, 'should remain in the mind of anyone as to the truth of this statement, it would, I think, be dispelled by a perusal of Sir Norman Lockyer's monograph on Stonehenge, wherein by a fascinating astronomical calculation the date of the erection of that great circle is fixed at 1684 B.C., and wherein it is shown to be the work of peoples unacquainted with the use of metals. The invasion of Britain by Celtic-speaking tribes did not take place for at anyrate 800 to 1000 years later, by which time we know enough about European civilization to state that the Celtic-speaking people, who had overrun all Europe from the Dardanelles to the Atlantic, did not build the Stone circles, or Cromlechs, or Dolmens.'

Without presuming to attempt to settle the age of the stone circle on Castrigg Fell, it may be well to put on record that Dr. John Morrow, following Sir Norman Lockyer's methods at Stonehenge, made a survey of the Keswick circle in 1906, with

the result that he puts its date at 1400 B.C. At this date the star Arcturus rose in the nick between Lonscale and Blencathra, and what appeared an important alignment in the circle pointed to this part of the horizon. Morrow also pointed out that the median line of the quadrangle pointed to Great Mell Fell, where the Pleiades rose in 1600 B.C.

He calls attention to an outlying stone to the south-west of the circle and about 200 ft. from the centre. It has been so broken away and grass-covered as to be found only after careful search. This stone is reported to be garnetiferous andesitic lava, '2' and '45' quartz porphyries, and the other 46 stones of the circle to belong to the volcanic series of Borrodale.[1]

He numbers the 38 stones of the outer ring clockwise, beginning with the eastern jamb of the northern gateway and ending with the western jamb. The 10 stones of the inner quadrangle he numbers '39' to '49' counter-clockwise.

Since these observations were made, which may be found in the *Proceedings* of Durham University Philosophical Society, Vol. III., Pt. 3,

[1] It is probable that stone 3 is Threlkeld granite, and stone 22 Lonscale slag.

1908-1909, Dr. Anderson of Chestnut Hill, Keswick, has made an independent survey, with the result, first of all, that he has observed that about two-thirds of the stones form a true circle, and that the excrescence towards the North, which gives the ring its ovoid shape, may have resulted from a shifting of the stones by a race which succeeded the original builders. He suggests that the northern gateway may have been at the end of a short passage, as at Long Meg, and that the alterations may have been made to bring the pillars into line with the rest of the circle. Taking, however, as a centre of the present circle a point 18 inches to the south-west of that selected by Dr. Morrow, he found that eight 'diameters' or alignments between opposite stones in the circle passed through this point. These lines may be identified by any observer who will number the stones from left to right, beginning with the big stone to the right of the northern gateway. The lines connected the following stones: 3 and 19, 4 and 20, 5 and 22, 6 and 25, 13 and 31, 14 and 33, 15 and 35, 16 and 38.

He has also observed that the stone which used to lie in the fence at the western entrance to the field, and which for safety's sake had been

removed a few months ago to be near the circle, has some rather remarkable markings upon it that do not seem to be either glacier scratches or the work of a ploughshare. These marks have only been able to be seen since the stone was moved, for they were on the under side of it. He suggests that this stone when *in situ* was used for observing the sun or stars as they passed over Great Mell Fell, for in conjunction with the large stone, '13,' it gives an alignment with that Fell. The facts that the circle is 100 ft. in diameter, that the outlying stone rediscovered by Morrow is 200 from the centre, and that this last outlying stone is 300 ft. from the centre, may have some special interest of their own. When it is remembered that the stone circle once consisted of 50 stones and the inner quadrangle or sanctuary of 10, it looks as if the builders of the circle had some knowledge of a decimal system.

Dr. Anderson has pointed out that of the eight alignments within the circle itself, that is the lines connecting opposite stones and passing through a common central point, four point to the position of sunrise on the principal festivals of the Celtic calendar. He finds that the line of sight over stones 25 and 6 point to the sun-rising

on April 30th on the Pennine Range behind Greystoke, and believes that that date would probably be the beginning of the Beltane or the May festival; that the line over stones 22 and 5 shows the point of sunrise on Scales Fell at Midsummer or the Lethain festival, and he himself on June 22nd of this year verified his calculation by observing the sun rise at the indicated point. According to another calculation, stones 31 and 13 indicate where the sun should rise on Nov. 5th in a nick between Great Dodd and Watson Dodd. This would date the great festival of Samhain, the beginning of the Celtic year. Dr. Anderson also suggests that the jambs of the northern gateway were symbolic of a god and goddess, and that the stones 15 and 16 that form the southern entrance were also male and female deities.

If the deductions from Dr. Anderson's survey are correct, it goes to show that whoever were the original builders of the stone circle, there can be little doubt that it served as an observatory for determining the dates of the Celtic festivals, and probably as a place for carrying out the prescribed ceremonies.

VII

The Battle of Portinscale Bridge

The controversy which raged for two years over the preservation of the picturesque old Portinscale Bridge, and which has at last been determined in favour of its retention, will die down and be forgotten, but the facts ought to be put upon record that other Highway Committees of County Councils should know in how inexpensive a manner old work can, without change in appearance, permanently be preserved so as to carry all traffic, and that the public may be encouraged throughout the land to resist the clamour, in the name of what is called commercial progress and up-to-date highways, to the complete destruction of some of the most beautiful reminiscences of an olden time and some of the most valuable adjuncts to natural scenery.

The ferro-concrete bridge of to-day may suit

the Italian plain or the American prairie. It does not harmonise with the natural features of the more beautiful parts of British scenery. In the olden time the men who built our bridges seemed to have been artists without knowing it. There is not a single bridge that has come down to us from the fourteenth century that does not show exquisite knowledge of line and complete mastery of construction, and the bridges of a later time, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, tell us that those who were responsible for the building of these bridges held it to be incumbent upon them to see that the picturesque should not be forgotten.

It is only within recent years that the idea of not employing an architect to design a bridge and to leave it to the tender mercies of an ordinary highway surveyor has been possible. Thus, for example, in our own county of Cumberland till a few years ago the bridge master was a competent architect. Unfortunately for us the county authority in later years thought that an architect's services might be dispensed with. They saved the architect's fee and gave us bridges that were substantial and convenient, but without a line of beauty about them. Time alone will show

whether wiser counsels may prevail in future and whether, no matter what the bridge is, large or small, it shall be looked upon as part of the duty of a highway authority to consider not only the actual needs of swifter traffic, but also the amenity of the scenery to which each bridge is an adjunct, and to secure for the joy of future generations in any new bridge that is built that the artistic element of its construction both in line and material shall not be needlessly overlooked.

One of the features of the Lake District is the beauty of the old bridges that were built of local stone. Many of them were originally so built merely for packhorse traffic, and were spliced or added to to suit the mail coach traffic of a later day. They generally retained the hump-backed arch, which in a country whose becks and rivers were subject to flood was considered wise. Portinscale Bridge was no exception to this rule. It had been built in two stitches, and though there was nothing to prevent the improvement of the gradient, indeed everything to be said for it, inasmuch as on the Keswick side in time of flood the river overflows the road, it nevertheless was quite clear that the peculiar charm of it lay partly in the harmony of its colour with the surround-

ings, partly in the beauty of its lines, and, not least, in the fact that it was built slantwise across the Derwent, with such a curve in the approach to it as displayed the arches and the masonry of its flanks as it was approached from east or west.

Doubtless the swift traffic of motor cars and the weight of traction engines had tried it, and though it was such a sturdy old fellow that, with the ordinary care of pointing its masonry, it would have stood all the strain of years to come, it was decreed about ten years ago that the bridge was unsafe for heavy traffic, it was asserted that it would probably fall in the next winter's flood, and that the Highway Authority of the county had no alternative but to build a new one. This new one was, so we were given to understand, to be built with a flat arch and placed a few yards to the north in order to give what was called a 'through run' into Portinscale.

Now it chanced that those who knew Portinscale, knew that the width of its single street was in one part actually narrower than the bridge itself, that this said street was on the curve, with a very dangerous hidden road coming into it at right angles at the most dangerous point in the heart of the village; a gentleman's private drive

and a garage opened right on to this narrow street, and if there was one village in the Lake District into which for the safety of the inhabitants no through runs should be expedited, or indeed admissible, it was Portinscale.

Those of us who knew this were as anxious to prevent a through run into Portinscale as we were to save the beauty of the bridge itself, and though we were held up to derision by people who might have known better, on the ground that we were interfering with the commercial progress of the neighbourhood, we were firmly convinced that the best way of helping the local commerce was to preserve in its integrity the chief asset of Portinscale, which was its quaint old-world beauty.

The people of Portinscale and the people of the whole Lake District find their bread and butter chiefly in catering for those who come to the district because of its old-world charm; that Portinscale Bridge was part of that charm was quite clear from the fact that hardly a day passed in summer in which one could not see artists sketching or photographers taking photographs of the bridge.

Those who desired a new bridge insisted that it

was insufficient for modern traffic. The answer to this was that the bridge was on average 18 feet in width, that people could stand upon the bridge and yet allow a char-a-banc and motor car to pass at the same time, and that the main bridge in Keswick over the Greta, with three times the amount of traffic over it, was considerably narrower.

It was shown also that children passed backwards and forwards to school every day without let or hindrance; that if it was necessary, for the sum of £50 the central pier might be built upward and a parapet curved outward in the shape of the letter V on either side, so as to allow people to stand in recess above the cutwater, as is so frequently the method adopted in the narrow bridges of an older time.

Condemned for eight years, the old bridge was allowed to stand untouched. It almost looked as if the Highway Authority would be glad to be relieved of the reproach of pulling it down by those who wished to preserve it by allowing it to commit suicide. But the sturdy old fellow was too stout of heart and too determined to serve future generations, as he had served them in the past, to think of doing anything so foolish.

But meanwhile those in the neighbourhood who knew that a plan of a new bridge had been prepared, and that it might be thrust upon the county at any day, took steps in time to make it possible for a cheap lesson to be given to the county, as to what the grouting machine could do for a small cost to ensure the safety of a bridge shaken by motor traffic, and the result of communications on their part with the powers that be ended in the employment by the Highway Authority of Sir Francis Fox, the well-known engineer, who had been using the grouting machine with such success at the Chester walls, at Holy Trinity Church at Hull, Winchester Cathedral and elsewhere, to undertake the grouting of the two beautiful bridges at Grange in Borrodale. This work was carried out by the engineer's contractors, Messrs. Thompson of Peterborough, so as not in any way to interfere with the appearance of the bridges and yet to leave them so strong that Sir Francis Fox said he would be quite willing to test them by running a loaded mineral train over them, and he thought it would stand traffic over it for another five hundred years. The sum expended in saving the Grange bridges was the modest one of £420.

About the same time I corresponded with the

Highway Authority of Westmoreland, and they used the grouting machine very successfully in grouting the old bridge near Oxenholme. I believe the cost of saving that bridge was under £50. Just about the same time a new bridge was suggested at Middleton, near Sedbergh, to be built at the joint expense of Westmoreland and Yorkshire at the cost of £7000. Westmoreland did not see its way to this joint expenditure, and knowing the value of concrete persuaded the Authority to try the saving of the old bridge by crowning it with reinforced concrete, and this was done for the sum of £280.

At the same time a small bridge at Dockwray was taken in hand by the Cumberland Highway Surveyor, on the suggestion of one of the Highway Committee, who knew what had been done in Westmoreland. This bridge had been much shaken by very heavy traffic from the Glenridding mines. Concrete was flooded in upon the surface of this bridge and its retaining walls, with the result that it was made solidly monolithic at a very small expenditure.

With these object lessons in front of them, it was thought that the Highway Committee of the Cumberland County Council would pause before

declining to attempt to save the Portinscale Bridge by means of the grouting machine, but in order to prove that the scheme they suggested was a practical one, certain local residents[1] in the Keswick valley determined to instruct two competent architects to examine and report on the possible saving of the bridge by the grouting method. They therefore asked Sir Francis Fox, an engineer of European reputation, and Mr. Carruthers, the well-known British engineer, who had had experience in saving old work, to report, with plans and estimates, upon the possibility of saving the bridge. These, backed up by the opinion of Mr. Thackeray Turner, the advising architect to the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, quite independent as they were, were confirmatory one of the other. They saw no reason at all to believe that the grouting would not be a complete success.

These reports, together with an appeal from nearly all the principal ratepayers of the valley, including two principal hotelkeepers, and all but three people in the neighbourhood who used motor cars, and from all the inhabitants but two of Portinscale, the hamlet most affected, were

[1] Frank Marshall, Robert Slack and myself.

duly sent to the Highway Authority. They in turn pointed out that they could not act on any report presented by engineers whom they themselves had not employed, but they were willing to have the bridge reported upon by an engineer recommended to them by the Society of Engineers.

Mr. Elliot Cooper was therefore appointed, and though it appears that he was not instructed in any way to consider if the bridge could be saved, nor apparently informed of local feeling in the matter, he came down and made the most careful report, which, summed up briefly, threw doubt upon the possibility of saving the bridge, and strongly advised the building of a new one. It was known that he had had no experience in saving old work with the grouting machine, and it was also clear that he had not taken sections of the approaches to the bridge, and did not consider the question of the raising of the gradient of the approaches to the bridge to be within his purview. But he said distinctly that to raise the approaches would throw so much weight on the haunches of the bridge as would thereby endanger its safety, and this no doubt weighed with the Authority.

On the other hand, it was asserted by Sir

Francis Fox that so far from endangering the safety of the structure, to raise the gradient would actually add to its safety by preventing thrust, for the weight of the added gradient would not fall upon the bridge itself, but upon the abutments which backed up the haunches of the bridge. We were not surprised to find that the Highway Authority, supported by Mr. Cooper's report, were more determined than ever that the bridge should come down; but in answer to assertions that after all the bulk of the people who opposed the destruction of the bridge were only local, I determined to ascertain what was the feeling in the country by a short letter to *The Times* in January, 1912. Within a week I received sixty letters of protest from people who constantly came into the district and knew it well, and sent a summary to the *Carlisle Journal* of February 2nd.

Many of these people had stayed at Portinscale for weeks at a time, had crossed the bridge at all hours of the day, had never been inconvenienced in any way by the traffic that passed over it, and testified to its great value, even from the commercial side, and the gain of the locality. Lord Curzon of Kedlestone asserted 'that with grout-

ing and alteration of the gradient it may satisfy utilitarian requirements for many a long day to come.' The artists were of one mind in the matter as to its picturesque architecture in the landscape. Mr. W. G. Collingwood wrote that 'in a few days he was sending to the Cumberland County Council a list of monuments and remains in Cumberland, drawn up at their request by himself and a sub-committee of the Antiquarian Council for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments under the Act. Portinscale Bridge was already on this list, and he hoped it would not be excluded.'

In my letter to *The Times* I had shown that the Cumberland County Council had refused to allow any but ratepayers in the county to have a voice in the matter, and many of the correspondents, remembering how Portinscale Bridge belonged in a way not to Cumberland only but to the world, thought this unfair. At the same time, in order to show the County Council and Highway Committee that the motorists were with us in our wish to save the bridge, we obtained from the Royal Automobile Club, consisting of 25,000 members and associates, a resolution to the effect that the inconvenience to traffic over the present bridge is

very small, and any trifling gain there might be through a new bridge would not compensate for the loss of the old one.

We were not very sanguine that these letters, with their expression of opinion as to the worth and beauty of the bridge from people outside the district, would have much weight with the Highways Committee, for a letter written to *The Times* by Bishop Tucker, when he heard of the proposed destruction, October 28th, 1911, had only appeared to cause amusement at a County Council meeting when it was referred to. The letter is so important that it way be quoted. It runs as follows:

'Sir,

As one who has known and loved Portinscale all my life, may I be allowed to add my protest to that of Sir Robert Hunter against the proposed destruction of this beautiful old bridge? In itself it is a gem, but the angle at which it is set enables all who pass over it to obtain glimpses both up and down stream of scenes of the most exquisite beauty. The wayfarer lingers long—passing from one side to the other—receiving the while impressions which will never fade, and which, if his lot be cast in some great town or city,

will both sweeten and hallow his life, lightening its burdens and relieving its monotony.

It is, however, rather as a representative (if I may venture to say so) of the great army of citizens beyond the seas that I would plead for the preservation of what is so peculiarly English as the bridge at Portinscale. Such possessions are of priceless value considered in relation to our colonial and world-wide national life. Men do not live by bread alone. They do not forget as they wander to the ends of the earth the scenes which they have loved in other days in the home-land. Such scenes help to form sentiments of loyalty and attachment to the old country as little else can do. The streams and bridges, the lanes and hedgerows of England play a larger part in our national life and in knitting our great empire together than many imagine.

ALFRED E. TUCKER.'

But a letter of this sort could not be easily brushed aside, however incredible it might appear that a brave man who had tramped 23,000 miles on his own feet in the cause of Christ and civilisation through the swamps and forests of tropical Africa should be refreshed in his wanderings by the memory of that lovely scene from Portinscale

Bridge, and who as he remembered it had turned with yearning towards his native homeland, and found strength and courage for the fierce work in front of him by those of the country he was serving. 'All sentiment,' that was the cheap way in which the opposition of the local residents and members of the National Trust, who are doing what they can to keep some of the beauty of the Lake Country undisturbed for future generations, was met. The opposition seemed to forget that it is because of sentiment that the Lake Country is visited by thousands every year for rest and refreshment, and that if eventually Portinscale Bridge was saved, it would be saved by reason of this very sentiment which was mocked at.

At the same time it was asserted by our opponents that to alter the gradient of the bridge, or to make a recess over the cutwater in the parapet, as was suggested, would entirely destroy the character of the bridge. This was rather a contradiction in terms, for those who wished to destroy the bridge had protested there was no particular beauty about it for which it should be conserved.

In order to meet this objection, at the request of Mr. Frank Marshall and myself, the well-

known architect, Mr. Forsyth, a member of the National Trust Committee, undertook to draw to scale the bridge as it would appear when its gradient was altered and when the recesses were added. This we reproduced in the *Carlisle Journal*, and sent, together with extracts of the letters from all parts of the country, to each member of the County Council.

At the same time the Highway Committee were notified that Mr. Robert Slack, an adjacent landowner to the bridge, and myself were willing to undertake to repay to the County Council whatever sum they should expend on strengthening the bridge by the grouting process under Sir Francis Fox's supervision if, after proper testing, the bridge should be proved unable to carry any traffic that would be put upon it, and an appeal was made to the Highway Committee before going further to hold a public meeting and enquiry at Keswick.

This they very kindly consented to do. The enquiry was to be held in the Christmas holidays, but was postponed until April 10th, on the understanding that nobody would be heard at that enquiry who was not a Cumberland ratepayer. At that enquiry a very important petition was put

in from 217 ratepayers throughout the county, sometimes a single name signifying the protest of a whole Parish Council. In this protest they asserted their belief that the Portinscale Bridge could be preserved at one-fifth the cost of a new one, and that the gradient of approach could be so improved as to give a fair view-way over the bridge and make it easier for all traffic. Mr. Henry Howard, as Chairman of the Council, held that enquiry, and in a five hours' hearing must have been not a little impressed by the fact that the opposition to the destruction of the bridge was a very great deal stronger even in the locality than he had been given to understand.

How little was known of the process of grouting must have been evident from the fact that a witness for the destruction of the bridge brought as his contribution a paper parcel of what he called a sample of cement grouting, which had been subjected to 28 degrees of frost, and which was now in the form of powder. The good man little knew that Winchester Cathedral, the Chester walls and towers, many viaducts on main trunk railway lines, the Holy Trinity Church at Hull, and other important buildings were standing testimonies to the fact that with the grout which would

be used for Portinscale, there was no more chance of the cement being reduced to powder by frost than of Grange Bridge falling into a heap of sand.

One thing also came out clearly at that enquiry, that the principal livery keeper at Keswick and the chief hotel keeper at Portinscale, who might reasonably be supposed to know more about the possibility of traffic over the bridge than anyone else in the neighbourhood, were on the side of those who were protesting against the cost of a new bridge, £4000, if it could be saved and made serviceable for £800.

The result of this enquiry considerably shook the determination of the Highway Committee, or at any rate of the Council, who would eventually have the power to confirm or reject the Highway Committee's decision, and we were not surprised to hear that some alternative scheme was to be presented to the Council. That alternative scheme involved the building of a considerable embankment through water meadows to the south, the throwing of a ferro-concrete bridge across the river, the cutting through of a hill and the building of another bridge over the Powe beck, and the making of a loop road right round Portinscale at a very considerable cost.

It was quite clear that even with such a bridge and such a new loop road the old bridge or a bridge close by must be provided in order to carry the traffic round the Lake and from Buttermere and Newlands. It was therefore wisdom to preserve the present bridge since a new bridge could certainly not be built for less than £4000, and the existing bridge could be grouted for less than a quarter of the cost.

I was written to by the Chairman and asked if Mr. Robert Slack and myself were willing to abide by our offer ? We replied we were quite willing if they employed Sir Francis Fox, and would give them a period of three years for testing the bridge.

Whether this had any effect on the final decision of the Highway Committee I do not know, but I do know that in January of the year 1913, the Highway Committee reported that they would advise the grouting of the Portinscale Bridge, and at the following County Council meeting on February 3rd, although there was a stiff fight against the recommendation of the Highway Committee, that recommendation was carried by an overwhelming majority of the Council and the alternative question of the loop

road, though brought up, was referred for further particulars and future consideration.

Sir Francis Fox was written to and asked if he could guarantee that if the bridge was grouted it would bear the transit of traction engines? He replied in the affirmative, and a contract was entered into between the Authority and Messrs. Thompson, the builders and contractors of Peterborough, whose work at Winchester Cathedral and St. Paul's and elsewhere was a guarantee that the work was in safe hands. Operations were begun at the bridge in March, and though contrary to the precedent of nearly forty years both March and April proved to be rainy rather than dry months, the work went steadily forward and by the first of May the foundations and the lower parts of central pier and abutment were secure. It was very interesting to watch the men, who were experts at their work of grouting, having been employed both at Winchester and St. Paul's.

The machinery used was of the simplest. An air compressing pump that worked up to thirty pounds a square inch, but which in effect only compressed the air for the Portinscale Bridge purpose up to twenty inches was soon charged

with this pressure of air by the work of a couple of men at the hand pump. The first process was the blowing in to the masonry by means of a nozzle and pipe attached to the air-compressor of air to get rid of dust. Then water was blown in under a like pressure to get rid of dirt and débris, and now the bridge was ready for grouting.

Close by lay a churn into which was next poured fine Portland cement that had been previously mixed in a tub hard by, to the consistency of cream. Into this was thrown an equal amount of finely washed sand from the river bed. A few turns of the handle of the churn and the whole material was mixed ready for charging the bridge. The churn and air-compressor were then linked up and in half a minute the churn was emptied, and the grout was seen to have flowed right through the solid masonry, and manifested itself first by trickle of water and then by trickle of grout, sometimes as much as twenty feet away from where the nozzle had given entrance to the material.

Charge after charge was thus administered to the bridge, and each time the grout was seen to have moved further. In the first stages it was observed to be going out at the foundation in the

GROUTING IN PROGRESS

water of the river. Bags of cement were at once plugged down at the place of its escape into the water, and more grout applied which, since its escape was prevented, found its way to higher levels and so inch by inch the grout spread upward turning pier and abutment into solid stone. So adamantine in character indeed does this material become that it is almost impossible to drive bolts into it, and I have it on the authority of Sir Francis Fox, that nothing short of dynamite is ever likely to destroy the masonry so treated. The process of course is slow but it is sure, and it will take several months before it is absolutely set; nor is this surprising when one remembers that probably sixty tons of cement in the form of liquid cream will have to be poured into the bridge before every cranny is full and the whole structure homogeneous stone.

The simplicity of the treatment and the machinery necessary for it, must commend itself to all who have to deal with such ancient structures, and it would appear the more ancient the structure is, the more full of loose rubble, the better chance there is of making a secure job of it. This process of grouting can not only be applied to cracks in railway viaducts, but church

towers that threaten to fall and to private houses also. Thus, for example, the old Jacobean house of the Ormond Street Hospital for Children in London was condemned by the City Surveyor as unsafe and ordered to be pulled down. It would have cost the committee £4000 to rebuild. They had no funds for this purpose. They appealed to Sir Francis Fox, and he persuaded the Surveyor to allow him to treat the building with the grouting machine with this result, that from the foundation to the top storey the whole building has been made perfectly secure for the sum of £420.

But we are dealing with the Portinscale Bridge, and whilst the thanks of a very large British public are owed to the Chairman and the Councillors for having allowed Portinscale Bridge to be preserved, we feel that we are indebted to a great body of public opinion that influenced them in their decision, and that large thanks are also due to Sir Francis Fox, to Mr. Thompson and his men for their care and supervision of this interesting work.

VIII

An Old-fashioned Parish Party

'ST. SWITHUN'S' had come and gone without rain. The haymaker as he went home through the twilight, weary enough of body, for he had been at work since four in the morning, was glad of heart. He reckoned now on near six weeks of rainless weather. The heat wave had rolled up from the south, and as it broke upon the lake-land hills, the wind had gone a few points to the east, with the result that the smoke veil woven by the mills of Yorkshire and Lancashire, was drawn over all the landscape, and mingling with the vapours from the lake, tempered the sun, and gave us those marvellous effects of opal distances and lilac-blue foregrounds which dwellers in the district associate with continuance of fine weather.

But on 'St. Swithun's' morning this same veil

of delicate smoke caused the almost unprecedented phenomenon of a white fog, and the mower and the haymaker, as they worked in the same field, were hardly seen one by the other. Slowly the vapour increased by the heavy dews steamed up, fragrant from hay grass and honeysuckle and elder flower, and touched hill slope, and lingering with unconfirmed intent along the mountain side, went up to heaven.

The lake lay gleaming like a shield beneath green woods. A sky all grey became a sky all blue, and shepherd and mower alike at their shearing knew 'sic a real het July daay as they hedn't knawn fur many and many a lang year.'

Towards evening the smoke mist descended out of middle air and gave its gift of blue and opaline again to the landscape. All detail on the mountain slopes was lost, but all the outlines, seen the clearer, stood revealed in individual beauty.

The sun went rosy gold, leaving a vast moveless pillar in the tranquil lake, and sank slow behind the hills. Then all the fragrant breath that had been uprisen came down from heaven to mingle with the scent of dewy earth, and as I drove home through the long lingering twilight of July, I felt almost intoxicated with scent of

elder, wild-rose and meadow-sweet, of honeysuckle and new-mown hay, and when I stood once again in my own garden ground of roses, their fragrance mingling with the fragrance of the lime tree flowers and plumey Portugal laurel, I felt the very change of perfumes seemed to accentuate the exquisite balminess of the cool evening air.

'It'll likely be a grand ebbening for't gardin party to-morrer,' said a haymaker, as he passed me an hour later in the blue dusk.

'What garden party?' I asked.

'Aw!—it's sec a do as nivver was. Yance in a year fowks cums fra far and near to't gardin party. Theer's not a farm fur miles roond, Ah suppoase, but gits invitaation, and nea matter hoo thrang hinds is wid hay or clipping or what not, Ah'll be boond they'll land oop sum time or udder. For't gardin party doan't begin till seben, and gangs on till ten, and by gocks! Ah'd reyther gang latish than not at aw wad I, fur yan sees sec a seet as fowk hev nivver clapped eyes on. Ivvery flower bed picked oot wid coloured leets and coloured leets in't trees and lanterns foreby. It's like fairyland yan reads of in't story beuks likest of owt Ah can compar 't teu. And theers music

and singin', and lads and lasses dancin' on t' green, and sec tea and strawberries and cream fur ivver as nivver was.

'And it's varra spot fur t' job an aw. Sic terraces and seats in arbours and under t' trees for t' auld fowk. Eh, man, Ah tells tha yan thinks of it reight thruff year, fur yan end o't til anudder. Fur it's a chaange. Yan hesn't sic a deal o' chaanges in oor life. It's darrock fra fust to last, and tho' Ah's not yan as complains o' my darrock, it's a gey good thing to hev a chaange and a laal bit rust yance and agean.'

As luck would have it, I found a note asking me to go over next evening to the Terrace Garden to see an old-fashioned parish party, and I went. I was half-an-hour after the time, but already a hundred guests had had their cup of tea on the terrace, and were making way for a second hundred, the host and hostess bidding them, as they went off to saunter among the roses or sit under the limes, that in half-an-hour's time strawberries and cream would be waiting for them.

It did one's heart good to see the ease with which the town's folk and the country folk, and men and women of all classes mingled and were glad. There was no division of guests into rich

and poor. All felt they were equal this evening, and pleasant it was to see with what simple courtliness each did the honours one to the other as they 'supped' their teas, and laid their pocket-handkerchiefs on their laps, and cracked on of the year's doings since last they met. 'Eh, dear, and so Dinah's gone, and t' auld Robison ull likely nut be here, and Sara is bed-fast. Well, yan nivver can tell, and it's mebbe be t' last gardin party fur sum on us and aw. What, Ah was suppin' strawberries at t' saame taable as Mary o' Dale-end last year, and she was likeliest, Ah thowt, to be wid us fur yers eneuf, bit what she's liggin' in t' yard. Yan nivver knas whose time is t' next.'

'Ay, ay, Ah've gitten clipped, but "wicks" hes sar boddered oors, and next door nebbur hed nin. It's a straange thing is "wicks" noo. They'll bodder sheep to deeth on yan side of a fell, and next heaf ull hev nin.'

'Well, Johwn, what fettle wi' t' hay?'

'Aw! t' wedder's reet eneuf, but hay's aw short by hauf; but what yan may tek it as it cooms, and likely it'll be aw reet in t' lang run. But what this foot-and-mooth is the divelment. Ike hed his coos oot i' t' pasture tudder side o'

t' rwoad fra byre when notish was sarved, and what he hes to gang reight across to the milken. Dar bon ! but it maks a milk-farmer's affairs aw ham-sam togidder. Ay, thank ye, Ah'll tak anudder cup. It's thirsty wark to-daay.'

The conversation was fast and furious, and the tea-drinking kept pace. Then the voices of a choir broke out into an Elizabethan madrigal beneath the shadow of the laurels, and the never-resting bees might well have ceased their hum to listen. The voices died away, and fiddle and harp and flute struck up an old English air, and the people drew round in a ring to listen.

More arrivals, more tea, more folk streaming down through the roses and walking by the yew tree hedge to gaze upon lupin, larkspur, delphinium and Madonna lilies, whilst younger folk lay about on rugs and plaids on the fresh green lawn, waiting their call to strawberries and cream.

More songs, more music, and the long day still gleamed on Skiddaw from the west, for the afterglow was as bright as a new dawn. But the deep purples had crept into all the hollows, and Borrodale was filled with blue cobalt. The last light failed from the valley meadows, and the corncrakes began their conjuring tricks, and ran

from their own voices with rare ventriloquist cunning.

'I think we may light up,' said a young fellow who seemed a kind of master of assemblies, and whilst two glees were being sung, and the band was busy, men moved about unseen, and touched the fire flowers in the beds, the fire flowers on the trees, into life. The whole garden became jewelled from end to end, and such a feast of lanterns was here as only in Arabian Nights were read of or seen alone in dream.

Just then a gong sounded, and two bands of children converged at the head of the terrace steps, holding a long continuous garland of roses in their one hand, and in the other alternately fairy bells and fairy lights. Their leader carried a standard from which hung many starry lamps, and as they came down the steps red Bengal fire burned up from below and enveloped them in its rosy glow.

Down they came, wound in and out of the flower beds a sparkling chain of happy child life, and gaining the level lawn beneath the limes, they broke into dance, and as they danced sang the National Anthem. Then winding in and out of the rhododendron bushes, a maze of light and

garlanding, they disappeared behind the Irish yews, but not before the whole lawn had been lit by white light which turned the lime trees into silver, and made the flowers and happy faces shine out as at the noonday.

'What, it's nivver time to be gaen?' said a young fellow at my side. 'We hev' t'best of t'evening yit. What, what, we must aw hev oor dance.'

'Nay, nay,' shouted the host. 'That is not signal for farewell. Now then, get your partners and we'll start the dance with an old-fashioned reel.' And without more ado the band struck up, and dancing such as one can only see in Cumberland began in real earnest.

I have never seen a happier sight than that moving merry throng beneath the trees as they footed it, and bowed and scampered and twisted and twirled to the good old tune. Dance succeeded to dance. The elders looked on, but now and again a sense of past days would seize this or the other, and saying, 'What, what, I feel mysel in fettle yit,' a grey-haired dame or white-haired man would catch hold and be off to the squeal of flute and thrum of harp and fiddle.

Behind the dancers as they moved gleamed

quiet vale and tranquil lake, and beyond towering up to a single star the blue-black background of Grisedale Pike and the Grassmoor range. And still the fiddle went, and still the dancers danced, and still in and out of the jewelled flower borders and the flame-lit trees the people walked and talked, till at last 'God Save the King' was played in solemn earnest, and a good-night to all was wished by host and hostess.

But that was not the end, for a band of singers had remained unobserved in the shadow of the limes, and ere the happy guests had left the garden ground there rose upon the dewy fragrant air the old familiar evening hymn, and we all went home with a sense of something 'far more deeply interfused' with an evening's rest than mere tea and talk and strawberries and fairy lights could give us; went home with the love of God and love of man a great reality.

IX

Between Moonlight and Dawn—Skating on Derwentwater

NOTHING could have been more magical than the afterglow last Sunday evening upon Skiddaw and Helvellyn, and ere the rose-red faded from their snow-clad heights there swam up into sight between Latrigg and Wanthwaite the moon, a little past its full, shining like a great oval jewel in a cup of liquid amethyst—that eastern cup of winter sky from which we folk in the Keswick valley on these clear evenings drink our full of wonder and surprise.

Within half an hour of moonrise, Orion stood up huge in the south-western sky, Syrius sparkled above Walla Crag, and the Plough was clear above Old Skiddaw's cone. The stillness of a Sabbath possessed the vale, until from wood to wood the owls hooted cheerily, and dogs answered each other at distant farms.

FROZEN DERWENTWATER

I had heard in the late afternoon the tremulous metallic murmur of skaters at the lands; these, too, were hushed. The sound of organ and hymn came faintly from the old church of St. Kentigern, then the patter of many feet along the road for home, and deeper silence fell on hill and dale.

I knew that to-morrow, if the wind kept in the east, the ice on Derwentwater would be in prime condition, and having much work to do, I also knew that there would be no skating for me unless rising betimes I could go off by star and moonlight to the lake. At five-thirty I was astir. Great silver clouds built up the heights of nobler mountains in the south, but westward the moon shone in a cloudless sky. Leaving the quiet house and passing through the sleeping hamlet and through the little town, which, but for light in three windows and in the pencil factory, was still asleep, I made my way to the 'lands,' and as the clock struck six—the only living thing in that strange landscape—I shod myself with steel and struck out from the land.

Orion had sunk beneath the western hills; the Plough was at the zenith. I knew that three morning stars were rejoicing together to run

their course, but one was not yet visible above the hills, the other was dimmed by the moonlight that seemed to wash the heaven clear of stars, save where Cassiopeia still sparkled faintly above Skiddaw and Jupiter, rejoicing in his strength and glory, yet shone clear above Scafell, and as I saw it gleam in the polished ice I could not help thinking of how Wordsworth years ago on Esthwaite Lake had seen just such reflection of a planet when he 'cut across the reflex of a star.'

The weirdness of the scene lay in the fact that all the near hills seemed blackened as though the breath of a great fire had passed over them and left behind white ash and ebon darkness. The woods about the lake appeared to have grown in density. One might have supposed Derwentwater stood in a huge forest; in the dim moonlight the dark woods seemed so magnified in mass. There was no sound of life except bark of dog from the neighbouring town, and the calling of the owls to one another across the lake. There was no sight of life except that in two or three places in the dense woodland a bright lamp shone that told us that the busy servants of the household were awake.

It was poorish skating, for though brooms had

been busy on Saturday, the ice had been much cut by skates, and on beyond this broomland the snow of Thursday last lay in patches. The skates rustled through the snow and rang upon the clear ice spaces, and the cold air from the east an hour before the dawn, made one's face and ears tingle as one pressed against it. As for the moon, she must have been discomforted to think that all her desire to build a golden pillar upon the shining surface of the mere was foiled by these continued snow patches, which broke up the building of her glory into sections of gold, and dimness of dusky silver.

But on beyond the white snow patches lay what looked at first in the dim twilight like open water. It was not till I was close above it that I found this open water a solid sheet of ebon ice without a wrinkle in it. I do not know how it is, but the feeling of 'The Ancient Mariner' comes back upon us all when we are the first to burst into an untravelled world, whether it be a sea, a desert waste, or a sheet of ice, and one could not help a sense of thrill with moon and stars alone to be one's companions. I hissed across that wonderful ice-sheet, swerving and curving with a new sense of power and unaccustomed speed, with

Jupiter bright in the mirror before me and the great moon pillar of gold across my way, till, out of breath and with the blood racing warm through my heart, I leaned upon my heels and let the wind carry me where it would.

Weird and mysterious as had been the moonlit time, the coming of the dawn upon the ice-sheet and surrounding fells was more marvellously wonderful. What a colourist the sun-god is! The dark woods changed to amber brown far upon the slopes of Skiddaw, the bracken sent its fire from beneath the snow, and slowly the ebon blackness between its cone of snow passed into puce and violet purple, as if beneath some enchanter's wand. The gulls went greyly like ghosts overhead; silent without cawing, a black swarm of rooks passed from Lord's Island to their hard work afield of food-finding for the day. They knew the moon must pale and the sun must grow, and that ere they reached their far-off feeding ground the light would be given them for their difficult task. But the joylessness with which the black-winged multitude passed touched me deeply. The frost might give me pleasure, but would give them pain.

Suddenly the cup of the sky to the east was

flushed as with new wine. The great solid bars of crimsoning seemed melted into liquid amber till it flushed and flushed again. The mackerel sky overhead seemed in a moment to become a great flight of rosy-winged flamingoes flying to the west, and a faint cloud above the Wanthwaite heights took on gorgeous colour from the rose of dawn.

But the beauty was not in heaven but upon the shining ebon floor of the lake. Its dark blackness disappeared, and in a moment the vast ice-sheet became first green, then gold, and then of rosy hue. Involuntarily I pulled up and gazed upon the wonder thus revealed, and as I gazed the wonder grew and grew. The moon was still shining above Hindscarth, the sun had not yet appeared, but all her light had paled before the coming of the day, and all the mystery of the heavens was forgotten in the marvel of that polished floor of rose and gold ingrain.

It is good to skate at noon and eventide. It is better far to skate when moon and starlight fade before the dawn.

X

Wild Cherry Time in Westmoreland

In the memory of the oldest inhabitant there has not been such an April at the Lakes. After the first week of rain and wind summer seemed to come at once and was determined to stay. The cuckoo three weeks before its time was heard in the Vale, the hedges ran into green, and the bracken rust upon the fells seemed gradually to fade away by reason of the upspringing of the new growth, and though the shepherds complained of want of moisture for the ewes and took bottles of milk with them to the lambing intake, they acknowledged that they had never seen more feed for the mothers nor known less cold at nights for the lambs.

The larches stood a week earlier than was their wont in emerald garniture, and a week before their time the oaks began to unfold their

golden leafage. The daffodils disappeared in the orchard, for the children as they came to school brought handfuls of primroses and bluebell buds. The wind-flower and the sorrel were in the woods, and the dog's mercury and bilberry in wood places and on fell-side breasts vied with one another in emerald colouring. As for the sycamore by the farmstead the bees shook down the vermeil blooms and made merry with the opening flowers morning, noon and night. The air was full of the flute of the blackbird, the rich treble of the thrush, the joy of the chaffinch, and the quavering ecstasy of the chiff-chaff, and sweet in every copse was the fragrance of the birch tree foliage.

But, after all, the great glory of April in the Lake Country is the cherry blossom, and, knowing the treat in store for me, I readily accepted the offer of a friend to be taken down through the Winster Valley, over Cartmel Fell, with a peep at the restored chapel of St. Anthony—thence to Newby Bridge and up by Lakeside to Esthwaite and Hawkshead, and so home to Grasmere. Never more surprisingly beautiful did the Scafell cluster and the Langdale Pikes stand up beyond the sunny waters of Windermere in lus-

trous blue and amethyst, as we stopped at that marvellous view that De Quincey loved between the Ambleside main road and Millerground. Nor more royally did the ancient larch trees of Rayrigg overbower the roadway as through sun and shadow we sped to Bowness. Thence by the Storrs Estate we won to Winster, a week too late for that valley of damson blossom, though not too late to realise how every picturesque farm last week had nestled in a cloud of bloom and every hedgerow had been gay with promise of the damson harvest.

But much of our pleasure was turned to sadness by the cruel destruction of wayside beauty wrought by the ignorant roadman, who with his axe had been carrying out what doubtless he believed to be his duty of 'tidying up' the roadsides near the entrance to the village. Wild roses and bird cherry, wild cherry and hazel-wand had been ruthlessly swept away, and the road, which before had witchery of charm for all who passed along, lay desolate and commonplace. There was no excuse for this unkindness, the trees and bushes neither interfered with the passage of haycart nor prevented wind and sun, and in such a countryside a policy of this kind in

the best interests of all concerned is as deplorable as it is short-sighted.

Later on in our journey on Cartmel Fell we found the same destruction had been carried out. The thorn trees, which by the size of their trunks must have stood a hundred years, had been cut off at the bole to leave us all lamenting. When will roadway authorities understand that this indiscriminate clearing up of by-roads or main roads is as cruel a wrong to the enjoyment of those who use the roads as is the pulling down unnecessarily of picturesque and ancient bridges and replacing them by steel girders and ferro-concrete ? I heard only last week of the intention of the highway authorities in Little Langdale to build a ferro-concrete bridge over the Brathay, though the place is within a few hundred yards of the Tilberthwaite quarries and the quarries were willing to give the stone. There seems to be little excuse at this time of day, in a neighbourhood whose whole attraction lies in its natural beauty, for this kind of cheap philistinism.[1] But we forget all about road authorities in the exceed-

[1] Since this was written we gratefully acknowledge that the highway authorities concerned changed their minds and built the bridge of stone instead of ferro-concrete.

ing beauty of the Winster Vale. Its picturesque farms, each on its grassy knoll, its orchard bower, its sinuous roads, all combine to give a sense of pastoral tranquillity and simple happiness not to be found in any other part of the Lake District. I can understand Wordsworth's yeoman friend, Williamson Mason, feeling that he could not possibly stay in Manchester, and must return to his grassy meadowland and its lowing herds—as I can also well understand the prayer of the old fourteenth-century squire of the vale that was cut by a diamond on a pane of glass in Cartmel Chapel, who asked prayer for his soul as he was about to go to London. The honey-sweet, bird-cherry, and the starry blossom of the blackthorn were with us all the way to Bowland Bridge, and climbing up the Cartmel Fell we were soon walking through Burblethwaite and Cowmire Hall, of ancient Elizabethan time, to visit the hermit chapel of St. Anthony.

I have seen no restoration carried out with more reverent care than here. We entered the chapel, still full-breathed of pre-Reformation time, saw with what care the fourteenth-century glass which came from Cartmel Priory had been rearranged so as to suggest, without any addition

of modern coloured glass, the subject of the ancient window. We saw also how portions of the old jumble of glass had been taken from the last window and pieced together in a separate window near the old chantry pew, and noted the clever way in which the ancient masonry of the lower arch had been displayed. Then out into the churchyard, still filled with the remains of ten thousand daffodils, and though we sighed to see that one of the old Scotch firs had fallen in the gale of a month ago, we stood in wonder at the glory of blossom upon the gigantic wild cherry tree in the churchyard corner. Away to the right 'the sea lay laughing in the distance'; Scout Scar, its grey, bare ridges reminding us of Palestine, rose up across a valley painted here and there by the plough into patterns of lilac and brown; and away to the north, happy farms shone on grassy knolls or nestled in orchards flanked by yew trees, against which the white bloom of the pear and cherry shone like silver; all was bathed in sunshine, the sky blue o'erhead, and the first swallow skimming at our side. Bareheaded children in snow-white pinafores and hatless boys gathered together at the sound of the school bell; then there was a hush, and in the silence the

sound of the old Doxology rang out on the warm, moveless air.

We left Cartmel Fell, climbed the steep hill, and dropped into another world—a world of tilth and woodland, but farms were rarely seen—pulled up once suddenly to watch a woodcock fly with its young one gathered to its breast, while two chicks of a fortnight old scuffled through the leaves and grass behind her. We reached Newby Bridge and paused for sheer delight to notice the beauty of its building, then took the road by Lakeside for Esthwaite. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the old hazel copse lately cleared and full of signs of the charcoal-burners. Circles of wood ready for burning here and there, the black patch showing where charcoal had already been made. Delicate birches shone against the russet of the young oak underwood, and here and there a glint of blue showed us Lake Windermere. On our left rose up the steep Scar, covered with groups or single yew trees, and against these, in every conceivable glory of light and grace, the wild cherries shone in radiance. By our side, as we passed through the honey-scented air, the wild bird-cherry blossoms gleamed in friendly rivalry.

When we reached Esthwaite Water, with its green peninsulas, we did not wonder that Wordsworth's boy heart in the old Hawkshead school-days had not only revelled on Esthwaite Water in winter time, but had been touched by April beauty and by April flowers, and that these woody places, with all their wealth of colour and bloom, had 'haunted him like a passion.'

XI

The National Trust Possessions on Windermere. I. Borrans Field

THERE is no mere so much frequented by the men of Manchester and North Lancashire as that to which in old time it is believed Onundhr, the Viking chieftain, gave his name. But it is a mere whose foreshores have been in the past fifty years much taken up by private landowners. There is no water so much visited from which boating and sailing parties have so little chance of landing and enjoying themselves upon the shore. Thus, for example, from Waterhead right down to Bowness, landing is impossible on the western shore without trespass, and from Waterhead to Bowness on the eastern shore there is only one semi-public landing, Low Wood, and one public landing at Miller Ground; it is owed to the courtesy of the owner of the soil at both these places that visitors,

having landed, can make their way to the main road. In the one case they pass through Mrs. Logan's garden; in the other case they pass up a pathway whose soil belongs to the owner of Rayrigg.

Virtually, then, once embarked at the northern end of the Lake, visitors and inhabitants alike must return to the public landing-place without the pleasure, which is surely part of a boating excursion, of landing and roaming on the shore.

This was the state of affairs a year ago. Fortunately for the British public it is no longer the fact. In the spring of last year, 1912, my brother, Mr. Willingham Rawnsley, driving to Waterhead, noticed that a field in which the Roman fort is situated, was being excavated for the foundations of certain lodging-houses. It had been known that some ten years before this, Borrans Field had passed into the hands of a well-known local builder. It was also known that we of the National Trust had approached him at the time, that he had been unwilling to sell, but had offered the land in question to the Ambleside local authority on certain conditions which they did not see their way to accept.

But the sight of these trenches for foundation,

which it was clear contained certain Roman débris, roused the passer-by to instant exertion. He went off at once to see Mr. Gordon Wordsworth and the neighbouring proprietor, Mr. Hugh Redmayne, with the result that all three together interviewed the owner, who though not particularly anxious to sell, was nevertheless willing if he could get his price, to part with the twenty acres of land for £4000, and in addition, with the consent of his brother who was part owner, to make a handsome donation of £400 towards the purchase.

A local committee was called together of inhabitants and townsmen of Ambleside, and the National Trust was approached by them and asked to co-operate in raising the necessary funds. Meanwhile the local committee worked hard and the neighbourhood subscribed liberally.

It chanced that earlier in the year another scheme had been determined upon in the Windermere and Bowness neighbourhood, viz. the purchasing of Adelaide Hill and Miller Ground for the nation. A committee had been appointed and an appeal was actually in print, when we heard of the Ambleside endeavour to obtain the field of the Roman fort at Waterhead. Rather

ROMAN CAMP AND BORRANS FIELD FROM LOUGHRIGG

The white cross on left marks the site of the camp

than clash with this scheme, the committee at Windermere determined to postpone their appeal. A year's option had kindly been given to Mr. Gordon Wordsworth's committee for the completion of the purchase of the Borrans, but such interest had been roused among archaeologists and those interested in Romain remains and the camp, that, long before the time of option had expired, the sum was raised.

The *Manchester Guardian* had supported the scheme handsomely, and nearly £500 was raised by their appeal and their printing of lists of subscriptions. Mr. W. G. Collingwood delivered a lecture in Ambleside which was printed at the request of the committee, and very considerably helped to interest subscribers. Professor Haverfield's letters to the *Times*, which showed how important it was to obtain for the nation the as yet unexcavated site of the Roman fort, increased the interest that was felt in the undertaking, and notwithstanding that it was known that at least seven acres of the twenty acres that were to be purchased were at times under water, the subscriptions came in not only from those interested in Roman excavations but from those who knew how imperative it was to safeguard that beautiful

pastoral view at the head of the Lake from building operations or from the possibility of a 'hangar' for aeroplanes.

It was remembered by those who knew the site that the charm of the approach towards the northern end of the Lake lies in its undisfigured pastoral simplicity, and in the natural beauty of rocky outcrop of tree life and green meadow which is backed by the wooded slope of Loughrigg and the far-off crescent range of Fairfield. Those who knew the entrance to the river Brathay well remembered the delight of loosestrife and reed that rise above the emerald green of the meadow land in July, and cannot forget how in the winter season, both at morn and eventide, the yellow reeds at the southern end of those water-meadows stand up in amber beauty and burn like fire.

It was not a small matter that boating parties should be able to land on the frontage of the Lake and river, but the naturalists of the country-side had other reasons for being thankful that this piece of swampy meadow as it often is, at the mouth of the river, should be preserved in its pristine quietude, for here the reed warbler nests, the gulls come for rest, snipe are seen, the wild

duck feed, sandpipers build; and all this world of wild-bird life would have been banished for a certainty if the meadow land had been exploited by the builder and a river and lake side promenade had been one of the results of such exploitation.

But the interest of the Borrans field lies not so much in its natural as in its human history, for here lay one of the most important Roman forts of the Lake Country, and whoever chose it, chose it with consummate knowledge of a defensible military site. It was surrounded on two sides by river and lake. It is not improbable that to make the river-side defence more sure, a moat or river-bed was excavated between the present river-bed and the camp to be filled or not as the Roman Governor thought necessary, with water. Its defence lay not only in its water-wall. It was defended by the fact that it was in full view of signals from the High Street on the east, from Wrynose and the Roman camp to the west, from Orrest Head or Gummershow to the south.

It is more than probable that packhorses rested here on their journey between the important station near Ravenglass and the important inland station at Brougham. It is conceivable that a

Roman road ran from Watercrook and Kendal up by the side of the Lake, and so on over Dunmail Raise to Keswick and Old Carlisle. It was clearly looked upon as a fort of considerable importance, or it is little likely that the Romans would have taken trouble, as they appear to have done, to bring building stone all the way by water-carriage from the south, and to have used freestone when they might have used the ordinary slate stone of the country. It was not only a Roman fort, but it was a Roman fort surrounded by a little town. Camden's *Britannia*, in its later edition in the beginning of the seventeenth century, describes it as 'The carcass, if I may so say, of an ancient city, with large ruins or walls; and without the walls, the rubbish of old buildings in many places yet to be seen. The fortress thereof was somewhat long, fenced with a ditch and rampire, took up in length 132 ells, and breadth 80. That it has been the Roman's work is evident by the British bricks, by the mortar tempered with little pieces of brick among it, by small earthen pots or pitchers, by small cruets or vials of glass, by pieces of Roman money oftentimes found, and by round stones as big as millstones or quernstones, of which laid and couched together they framed,

in old times, their columns, and by the paved ways leading to it. Now the ancient name thereof is gone, unless a man would guess at it, and think it were that Amboglana, whereof the book of notices maketh mention, saying at this day it is called Ambleside.'

Clarke in his *Survey of the Lakes* in 1789, after quoting this extract from Camden and suggesting that a cohort established at the Picts wall at a place called Amboglana, may have been quartered here, tells us that Guthrie says under the Honourable the Duke Britain was placed the prefect of 'a detachment of the Nervii called Dictenses at Ambleside.' It is probable that thus the fort at Ambleside came at one time to be spoken of as Dictis.

Clarke continues, 'The fort lyes a little below the town; the remains of it are now very small, but many coins have been found there; and in the year 1785, a man planting potatoes with a spade there found a crucifix of brass, which was given me. The inhabitants dug up, not many years ago, several pieces (as they called them) of freestone, which probably had been altars on the pedestals of pillars. As there is no freestone within 25 miles of the place, I should think

they were brought hither for urns, fonts or some purpose of that kind, as the blue ragg or granite stones found here cannot be worked with a chisel: had any antiquarian been there, some things perhaps might have led to a more perfect discovery, but they were generally broken small for scowring sand, which is a scarce article at Ambleside. That it was a Roman station is, I think, beyond a doubt: it is by the inhabitants called "The Castle," and I should suppose that this castle or fort was of some account in the year 794, and was a place where the two sons of Elfwold were decoyed to before they were murdered, and not Bowness, as Camden has conjectured . . . and I should suppose this was the only place of note in 794 within the parish called Winandermere.'

It would be a great matter if an inscribed stone could tell us that this place was originally called Alone, Alauna, or Alionis, for this would identify the road from Kendal to Ravenglass *via* Ambleside as the Xth Iter, and not only would the line of road be thus identified, but names of other places on that road as well.

Fortunately for us there dwelt at Ambleside in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a certain Thomas Braithwaite, the owner of the Roman camp field,

who took some interest in it and collected coins from the ruins. These coins on his death were bequeathed to his brother Gawen. Gawen died in 1653, and his son Thomas not only inherited the collection but added considerably to it, until he was the possessor of six gold, sixty-six silver, and two hundred and fifty brass and copper coins, mostly of Roman emperors, which he left to the library of the University of Oxford by a will dated November 26, 1774.

Nobody knows whether the coins ever went to Oxford. On the other hand, Clarke, the historian, writing in 1789, tells us that the collection was then in the possession of the Countess of Lichfield. As late as 1774 a good deal of hewn freestone, which it was believed came from the neighbourhood of Dalton, was still visible on the site as described to us by Father West in his *Antiquities of Furness*; but the buildings which Camden, the historian, had noticed in the early part of the seventeenth century had ceased to exist, and the field was rightly called Borrans, which means 'heaps of stones,' for nothing but *borrans* remained behind to tell us of its Roman occupation.

It is curious that so little of this Roman free-

stone work, which must have been used for building farmhouses and other houses in the neighbourhood of Ambleside, has been recognised. Machell, the historian, who died in 1688, tells us that 'in the east end of Bowsrigg House I found a stone brought from the said Borrans with this broken inscription concerning a Roman cohort,

UXU
CHO
SAN.

It is very much to be doubted if this had anything to do with a cohort, and it is very remarkable that no other inscribed stones have ever been described as found here.

When Milligan's nursery was trenched, large quantities of Roman pottery and tiles were found from 12 to 13 inches below the surface, and the remains of fires, charred oak and bones. Years ago a Roman tripod kettle must have been discovered, for the field was sometimes spoken of as the '3 feet Brandreth.' A bronze eagle, now at Highclose, was probably found there in the latter part of last century. In 1900 during excavations for certain sewage works a portion of a corduroy road leading northwards from the eastern gate to the camp, certain sling-bullets, a

bronze bell, and the remains of a smelting furnace were found, and in 1904 two Roman jugs were discovered, 5 feet below the surface, beside Cross Syke, which looks as if there was a considerable cluster of buildings, with an industrial population outside the fort.

The question which the excavator will wish to find an answer to is really the name of the fort itself. Archaeologists have a long time ago given up the idea of this Borrans fort being *Dictis*, just as they also have given up the idea of *Concangium* being the Watercrook of our day.

But there are many topographical questions in connexion with the Roman occupation of the Lake Country which will be set at rest if fortunate explorers can unearth the secret of the name of this Roman fort. Mr. Collingwood has been asked by the National Trust to superintend the excavation of the camp. The council of the Archaeological Society of the county have consented. He has associated Professor Haverfield with him, and will put the actual supervision of the work in the hands of his son. He is persuaded that these excavations will well repay the cost of labour expended. 'Not,' says he, 'that we shall dig up treasures of gold and silver, or

even artistic sculpture and mosaic; but the details of long-buried life, additions to long-past history, relics of the British Roman and the Roman Briton lie beneath the wet soil of the Borrans field. By the analogy of Hardknot we must at least be able to trace the gateways, with perhaps the very marks of the wheels on the freestone sills: at the corners of the square we may be able to unearth the towers, and no doubt find bits of the glass that filled their windows; inside the square there ought still to be the footing of walls giving the form of the central court, offices and shrine of the granary that stood on one side and the stone-built quarters on the other: and among the fallen rubbish, who knows what odds and ends of human work and worship? Great sums,' he adds, 'are spent on museums and galleries—buildings where, as a celebrated French critic has said, "Art is in prison," and history is only to be learnt from official catalogues. Here the visitor would see the real thing. There are not many sites of such antiquity and interest, so accessible, so beautifully surrounded, so taking to the imagination.'

Whatever may come of the excavation, the friends of the National Trust will at any rate feel

that they have saved to all generations the pastoral beauty of the head of Windermere and prevented a Roman fort from becoming lost to the nation.

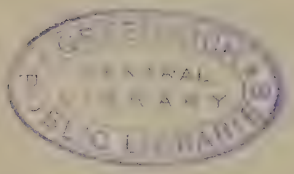
II. Queen Adelaide's Hill

We have in this Lake Country of ours very few sites connected with the royal family. It is true that Queen Catherine Parr spent her girlhood's days on the green hill, whose castle ruin still stands above the town of Kendal, it is also true that in memory of King Edward VII., the President of our National Trust, the Princess Louise, purchased the top of Grange Fell, and that the summit of this beautiful Borrodale hill is now called King's Howe, but the only Queen we know to have visited our Lake Country is Queen Adelaide, who in the summer of 1840 spent a few happy days on Windermere.

Her name since that time has remained to us a possession by reason of a memorable visit by water to the grassy hill that stands between the main road and the Lake, immediately south of Miller Ground. When a dweller at Wray on

QUEEN ADELAIDE

Portrait given to C. Emily Fleming after Her Majesty's visit at Bowness and Rayrigg, July 24th to 27th, 1840


CENTRAL
LIBRARY

the shores of Windermere thirty-five years ago, Miller Ground was my nearest landing-place for Windermere station, and the beauty of the scene from Adelaide Hill made me often trespass for the sake of the fine view.

As I rested there, how often did I desire to be the owner of this beautiful knoll that the public might share its delight with me. Little did I think then, for the National Trust was not in existence, that some day I should be permitted to help many public-spirited friends in the neighbourhood of Windermere to purchase this viewpoint for the enjoyment of the nation. In those days there was fair freedom for landing on many portions of the Lake shore; since then this possibility has ceased. Owing to private purchases in the past few years, the public now have really no rights of wandering but on parts of the shore between Bowness and Waterhead.

Indeed, until this purchase was effected, though the public could freely land at Miller Ground and make their way thence to the main road and station beyond, there was no guarantee that some future owner would not close this same path, and only admit access of the public to the Lake on his own terms.

When I was collecting money for Manesty and Borrodale, a friendly challenge was sent to me to say that if ever the National Trust would attempt to obtain a portion of the foreshore on Windermere, £100 should be at my disposal. Remembering this and still having a great longing that Adelaide Hill and its foreshore should one day be open to the public, I wrote to my friend, Gordon Somervell, and begged him to ascertain privately if this beautiful view-point was at all likely to be obtainable. He threw himself heart and soul into the project, made inquiries with a negative result, though this much was learned that at a price the land was in the market. Later, a private meeting of local friends was held, when it was determined that if it could be obtained at a certain price the scheme might be commended to Westmoreland and Lancashire north of the sands, as a county memorial of the late king.

Difficulties arose; a year passed by and the matter had apparently dropped, when another friend wrote to say that he had the offer of £1000 from a very generous contributor who had heard of the project, if only the matter could go forward. This roused us to renewed negotiations.

We had in the owner of the Rayrigg property a very sympathetic ally. The land was in trust and neither the owner nor the trustees could sell the land below its fair market price. But a meeting was arranged with him and his co-trustee with the result that an option at a reduced sum was agreed upon for the twenty acres, including Miller Ground, and a definite undertaking was given at the same time that the right of way to and from the Lake should be made part of the bargain.

It then only remained to elect a committee representing the principal inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and to appeal privately for local subscriptions before issuing a public appeal. The National Trust was sounded at the same time and was willing to co-operate. At this juncture further delay was caused by the fact that a committee at Ambleside were engaged in collecting funds for 'Borrans camp,' and there was a great wish not to hamper them by issuing a rival appeal.

The sum which was to be raised for this priceless possession of Adelaide Hill was £5000, and though it was a large sum, landowners and others in the neighbourhood knew so well what prices

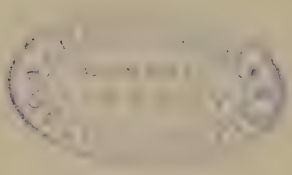
were being paid for land adjacent to the Lake, that not a single one of those privately appealed to objected to giving help on the score of price, and as a matter of fact £2800 was subscribed before any appeal went abroad to the public.

There is no isolated hill adjacent to the main road and accessible from the Lake anywhere between Bowness and Ambleside from which such incomparable views of Windermere can be obtained, and it should be remembered that this point is within 1070 yards of Windermere station, for which Miller Ground is the nearest landing.

Not only is the whole of the Lake northward seen, but gazing south, the eye passes over the indented shores and wooded islands, that seem like some fairy flotilla anchored and at rest, to the Ferry, and is carried on thence to Gummershow and Lakeside, while in the west, Coniston Old Man, Grey Friars, and Wetherlam are seen beyond the Furness fells, and we are carried on by Pike o' Blisco, Bowfell, the Langdale Pikes and Silver-How to Fairfield and the High Street range in the east.

Beautiful in the Maytide morning, the scene from here is never so mysterious as when on some October eventide the Mere flames like fire

WINDERMERE AND MILLER GROUND FROM ADELAIDE HILL



against the deep purple and blue of the wooded distance, whilst the reflected light from a golden sky beyond Wrynose burns upon the water to the north.

No wonder that Canning and Sir Walter Scott, with Christopher North, paused here on their way to visit the genial Bishop at Calgarth. No wonder that Wilberforce, when staying at Rayrigg, clomb hither to observe so fair a scene. Nor are we surprised that those who were responsible for the arrangements of the visit of Her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, to the Lake District, which took place in the year 1840, should have arranged that on Sunday, July 26th, the royal barge should wait for Queen Adelaide at the Bowness landing after afternoon service in the Parish Church, and convey her up the Lake as far as 'Rayrigg Bank,' as Adelaide Hill was then called. The royal party was there met by the Rev. Fletcher Fleming and his wife, the owners of the Rayrigg estate, and found chairs placed for them at the view-point beneath a royal standard.

On this day, Rayrigg Bank received its new name, and henceforth was spoken of as Adelaide Hill.

I have been enabled by the kindness of the

late Rev. Hugh Fleming, a descendant of Her Majesty's host, to realise the scenes of that royal visit from the faded MS., a chronicle which was made at the time by Wordsworth's friend, the Rev. Percival Graves, who was curate of Bowness, and there is such an old-world air about it that it may interest my readers. It is therefore given in its entirety.

'Her Majesty approached the district of the Lakes by the beautiful road which, after leaving Milnthorpe, proceeds by Whitbarrow Scar and the coast to Newby Bridge, a route worthy of recommendation to all travellers both for the interesting scenery it displays, of a kind contrasting well with what is to follow, and for the gradual unfolding of the beauties of Windermere which it secures for the Tourist by taking him to the foot of the Lake at Newby Bridge. We regret much that the bad weather of Friday prevented this part of the drive from being enjoyed by Her Majesty. At four o'clock, in the midst of the driving rain which continued unintermittedly during the whole of this day, the Royal retinue reached Newby B. There, at the inn of Mr. White, had been collected from an early hour the principal gentry of the neighbour-

hood, some having come even from Ulverston for the gratification of seeing and greeting Her Majesty during the short interval of changing horses. At this inn also had rendezvoused, under the command of Capt. Richardson, the Ulverston troop of Yeomanry Cavalry, who had been called out by their loyal Colonel, T. R. Gale Braddyl, Esqr., of Conishead Priory, and who formed a fine body of men, particularly well mounted and accoutred. The cheering of the large assemblage, and the National Anthem performed by the Yeomanry Band, having welcomed Her Majesty at Newby B., she proceeded to Bowness escorted by the troop and followed by carriages containing gentry of the neighbourhood, amongst whom we noticed Mr. Braddyl in his splendid equipage and Mr. Starky of Fell Foot. The entry into Bowness was more auspicious than any other part of the day's journey—just as Her Majesty approached, the sun burst out, to lend the only animation that appeared likely to be wanting to the brilliant scene of her arrival. Nothing could exceed the festal appearance of this beautiful village. It was rife with sounds and shows of joy. The church bells were ringing merry peals at intervals, and the

village band playing. Five tastefully designed arches profusely ornamented with foliage and flowers, amongst which mountain heather and foxglove were conspicuous, spanned the road and either end of the central area in front of Ullock's Hotel, and there was scarcely a house without its peculiar ornaments, whilst innumerable flags, in endless variety, from the Royal Standard to the motto printed for the occasion, waved in the breeze and glittered in the sunshine, giving to the very place itself, independent of its inhabitants, an air of life and enjoyment. And when the cavalry had galloped into the area above mentioned, and the Royal equipages had drawn up, and Her Majesty received and graciously acknowledged the hearty cheers in which gentry and yeoman and soldiers and children unanimously joined around her, the scene was one brilliant and interesting to a degree which cannot be forgotten by any one who witnessed it. Her Majesty was evidently much struck by it, and Lord Howe, glancing from arch to arch and to the "Welcome Adelaide," which in large letters of flowers faced the entrance to the Hotel, was heard to say that the decorations of the village were the prettiest he had ever seen: nor did he

leave the cordial welcoming of the inhabitants without an equally gratifying testimony. What followed we must more briefly record. Almost immediately after her arrival Her Majesty, as mentioned in yr. Paper, walked down to the lake side, accompained by her suite, and was attended by the Rev. Mr. Graves, as she passed in front of the elevated School House, to enjoy the splendid view which it commands. As she descended she was greeted by cheers still more enthusiastic than before, the people being evidently delighted with the kindness which so freely and promptly gratified their interest by this unceremonious mingling amongst them. Her Majesty at seven o'clock returned to Ullock's Hotel to dinner, and for the rest of the evening the Royal party and the village were in repose.

'On the next day (Saturday) the Lake was the great scene of attraction. Between ten and eleven o'clock a procession was formed, and Her Majesty was conducted to the little pier at Bowness Bay, where a handsome four-oared barge, properly fitted up and covered with an awning, was awaiting her, having been kindly placed at Her Majesty's disposal during her stay by Mrs. Bolton of Storrs. After the Royal party had em-

barked, the whole of the bay was in motion; almost every boat upon the lake having its freight of company, and a prettier sight could scarcely be seen than the little bay presented as the Royal barge passed round its promontory leading this countless train of boats decked with gay flags and interspersed here and there with a yacht spreading its white sails to catch the breeze. Her Majesty proceeded down the Lake to Storrs, the seat of Mrs. Bolton, where she had been invited to partake of lunch; her arrangements to take an early dinner at Lowwood Inn did not admit of this, but she visited the splendid mansion and beautiful grounds of Storrs, and highly gratified its owner and her friends by her expressions of admiration and the kindness and condescension with which she honoured them. Leaving Storrs, Her Majesty returned towards the head of the Lake, and passing behind, or to the west of Belle Isle, amongst the exquisite smaller islands which are there scattered, enjoyed the beautiful views which that route affords of the head of the Lake, and advanced without further stopping to Lowwood, which she reached at two o'clock. We were happy that the weather, which in the morning had been unpromising with

occasional drops of rain, became tolerably fine for this ascent of the Lake by Her Majesty: soft gleams of sunshine now and then visited the islands and the woods of the lake-shore; and the lake itself was almost perfectly calm, rendering the passage by water peculiarly easy and delightful. During the whole of the excursion Her Majesty was accompanied by the village band, which keeping at due distance sent its music from time to time across the waters.

'By the inn at Low Wood were drawn up the carriages of the principal gentry of Ambleside and its neighbourhood, who, with the others assembled, greeted Her Majesty most warmly as she debarked with her suite to partake of the early dinner provided by Mr. Jackson of Low Wood Inn. During dinner the rain descended with violence, but happily ceased in time to allow of Her Majesty's return to Bowness by water being free from any material inconvenience. At Bowness, preparations had been made to give a treat of tea and buns to the children of the schools and the people of the village and neighbourhood, upon tables laid for the purpose thro' the centre of the village, but heavy rain rendered it necessary that this part of the rejoicing should

be adjourned to the schoolroom, where many children and grown people were thus made happy. We lamented much that this part of the celebration could not be conducted, as originally proposed, in the open air, for the sight would have been a particularly pleasant one.

'However, in the evening when the weather became more favourable, the band was again put in requisition for a village dance, which took place in front of the Hotel, whence Her Majesty and party could witness it; it was led off by an Octogenarian, and was joined in also by a party of young children, whose dancing of a reel of eight gave great pleasure to the Royal party, both from the beauty of the figure and the grace of the youthful dancers. At half-past nine the dance broke up; a few English glees were then sung tastefully and well by some young men, natives of the place, and at ten o'clock the village enjoyed a state of repose suitable to Saturday evening. The next hallowed morning brought the finest sunshine, which proved lasting, and rendered the day a most brilliant and delightful one. Every thing that took place was, we are happy to say, in accordance with the sacred character of the day. There was no band-music, no

processions: this was the express desire of Her Majesty: and we believe we may affirm that it was equally agreeable to the feelings of the inhabitants at large, who might be seen, as the church bells sent forth their cheerful peals, converging from all directions towards the sacred edifice.

'On this occasion the simple but venerable church of Bowness was undoubtedly more crowded than it had ever been before, for in addition to its usual respectable congregation, strangers from the adjoining districts, from Kendal and from Ulverston, flocked to it in abundance, filling even its aisles and forming an assemblage of more than a thousand worshippers. Her Majesty and suite attended Divine Service both in the morning and in the afternoon. Crowded as the congregation was, and unused to the presence of Majesty, it was delightful to remark the appearance of undisturbed reverence and devotion which pervaded the whole; the service was performed by the Rev. R. P. Graves, the curate of Windermere, who preached an impressive sermon, which in the allusion which it made to the occasion deserved the praise of not containing a word that was not in harmony

with his sacred subject and the place in which it was delivered. He had afterwards the honour of being invited by Her Majesty to join the Royal dinner table, and received from Her Majesty the generous donation of £20 to be applied by him according to his discretion to the good of the Parish.[1]

'When the afternoon service was concluded Her Majesty, accompanied by her suite, proceeded to the waterside and embarked in the barge for another excursion upon the Lake. She ascended the lake as far as Rayrigg bank, a field in the demesne of the Rev. F. Fleming of Rayrigg, commanding from the same point unrivalled views of both the upper and lower reaches of the lake. Here Her Majesty was met by Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, at a landing place which had been formed for the occasion, and conducted to the summit of the bank, upon which, at the most advantageous spot, chairs, with a flag waving over them, had been placed for the accommodation of the royal visitor and her friends. Her Majesty was charmed with the panorama of splendid beauty which was here spread before her view,

[1] Her Majesty also gave the munificent contribution of £50 towards the repairs of Grasmere Church.

and testified her admiration in a manner highly gratifying to the feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, to whom she also most cordially evinced her warm sense of their attentions.

'Embarked again, Her Majesty returned towards Bowness and some of the party, not including Her Majesty, landed upon Belle Isle and skirted this lovely island by the walk which leads from the eastern landing round the northern extremity to the landing at its western shore; here they were again taken in by the barge which had coasted the island in the same direction, and which then proceeded to the station near the Ferry Inn. Having enjoyed the views from this celebrated speculum, and placed her autograph in the visitors' book, Her Majesty, again threading the smaller islands, returned to Bowness, where the remainder of a day, which the Religion of Nature and of Revelation had combined to solemnise, was spent in undisturbed tranquility. On Monday morning at the early hour of eight, Her Majesty and retinue started northwards, first reaching Ambleside, where a pretty and unique spectacle awaited them. This was the children of the place drawn up on either side of the road, and bearing the garlands and ornaments which

they had just removed from the church, where on the previous day, which was Rushbearing Sunday, they had served as the usual decorations of that local festival.

'Her Majesty was much entertained by this really beautiful exhibition, to enjoy which the better, and the more to gratify the assembled inhabitants, she passed through the town at a foot's pace, expressing her thanks for the cordial cheers and the triumphal arches and the pretty exhibition, with which she was welcomed, by repeatedly bowing to all around her, and showing in her countenance how much she was pleased by these demonstrations of respect and attachment. She thence proceeded to Rydal where Mr. Wordsworth was in attendance, accompanied by Mr. Jackson, the Steward of Lady Le Fleming, who unfortunately was too ill personally to receive Her Majesty at Rydal Hall. Under the guidance of the great poet Her Majesty and suite visited first the lower and then the upper Fall in Rydal Park, of which and of the surrounding woods and grounds she fully appreciated the romantic beauty. Meantime the children of Ambleside, with all their floral paraphernalia had hastened after the Queen to Rydal—and on her reaching

the upper gate of Rydal Park opposite Mr. Wordsworth's residence, were to be seen marshalled in double line from it all the way to the door of the poet's house. Her Majesty passed between these lines of children again, and delight and pleasure beamed on every countenance, feelings which were not diminished by a largess of 1d. apiece to the children. She then entered the simple mansion of Mr. Wordsworth, and having kindly requested that the members of his family then at home might be presented to her, sat down to rest herself a little after her walk; then, having inspected the pictures and other objects of poetic interest within the house, and enjoyed in bright sunshine the lovely and varied views and exquisite details of beauty which enrich the gardens and terraces of the poet's miniature domain, she bade him and his family farewell, and again with her suite entered the Royal carriages and proceeded on her way to Keswick.

'This portion of the road is a string of nature's finest gems not perhaps in the same space to be equalled, Rydal Lake and Grasmere and Wythburn, and the Vale of St. John's and the first glorious view of the vale of Keswick and Der-

went Water. Happily it was seen by Her Majesty under the best circumstances of sunshine and atmosphere. At Keswick she arrived at twelve o'clock. We are not able to give details of the welcome she there received; suffice it to say, it was as cordial as elsewhere. At Keswick Her Majesty lost no time in taking boat upon the lake, by which she was conducted to Lodore; and having seen to advantage this torrent, so justly celebrated for its beauty, she returned by carriage to Keswick. At three o'clock, after an early dinner at the Royal Oak, Her Majesty again started, and made for Ullswater by the road which conducts across Matterdale, and brings the tourist upon the Lake by the splendid approach which leads through Gowbarrow Park. The day still continuing fine, this magnificent view was seen by the Royal party in perfection: and they afterwards enjoyed highly the walk through the glen to the graceful fall of Airey Force. At half-past seven o'clock they reached Patterdale, where the welcoming cannon soon made the magnificent mountain-echoes to reverberate in thunder. Her Majesty dined and slept at the Inn at Patterdale, and expressed herself much pleased with the preparations made at very short notice

for herself and suite by the spirited proprietor, Mr. Geldart. During the night it rained, and the next morning seemed unpromising: the hour after breakfast was spent by Her Majesty and party in visiting the adjacent lead works and inspecting the process of smelting the ore. At ten o'clock, however, the time for which the carriages were ordered, the day cleared up and became one of the finest for the effects of scenery that could be desired. The grand mountain-pass of Kirkstone was then traversed by Her Majesty, who completed her mountain excursion by returning to Bowness through the secluded valley of Troutbeck: the whole party enjoying this no less than the other parts of the tour, and declaring that few things had charmed them more than the first view of Windermere, which is presented on the descent from Kirkstone into Troutbeck. At one o'clock Her Majesty re-entered Bowness, where again she was welcomed by the cheers of the inhabitants, the ringing of the bells and the music of the village band.

'It was easy to see that the people of Bowness now looked upon Her Majesty as an old friend, and they were happy to perceive that the feeling was reciprocated by Her Majesty. Indeed, Her

Majesty lost no opportunity of expressing her admiration of the beauties of Windermere and Bowness, her gratitude for the reception she had received from all classes, and the approbation and esteem which had been excited in her by all that she had seen of their conduct and character. It would be great injustice to omit that Mr. Ullock's hotel more than sustained on this occasion the high reputation it has deservedly acquired. The most indefatigable exertions had been used to secure the comfort and enjoyment of Her Majesty and her retinue, and those exertions were rewarded by testimony from all the party, including Her Majesty herself, that they considered the Hotel the best they had ever been entertained in, and that its quietness and cleanliness and comfort made them feel more as if they were at home than in an inn. It was gratifying to the inhabitants of Bowness to observe that Her Majesty evidently connected an idea of *home* with Bowness : they heard with pleasure that her partiality for Windermere was unshaken by the charms of its neighbouring rivals, a fact which she pointedly and gracefully evinced by frequently declaring her wish that she might be able to come and build a cottage on its banks.

'At half-past two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon Her Majesty Queen Adelaide left Bowness amidst the warm acclamations of its inhabitants, and carrying with her the assurance, which must have been every where corroborated, that she possesses not only the respect which is due to her exalted rank, but the affectionate and cordial attachment of the English people—their tribute to her virtues.'

We cannot help hoping that other Queens will honour the Lake District with their presence. There is a deep vein of loyalty amongst our dales folk, and nothing could be more pleasant to them than the thought, that living as they do in their quiet valleys removed from the rush of industrial life, they should be enabled to see with their own eyes the King and Queen in the flesh whom they pray for every Sunday in their dale chapels, and read of each week in their countryside paper.

GREENWICH
CENTRAL
LIBRARY
PUBLIC LIBRARIES

GLASGOW: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Literary Associations of the English Lakes.

With 32 full-page Illustrations. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. 10s. net.

By Fell and Dale at the English Lakes.

With 8 full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Round the Lake Country.

With 8 full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Months at the English Lakes.

With 9 full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Flower Time in the Oberland.

With 12 full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Poems at Home and Abroad.

2s. 6d. net.

GLASGOW: JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS
LONDON AND NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.